

THE  
CORNHILL  
MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1861.

LONDON:  
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

---

1861.



„Good Samaritans.”

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1861.

Philip.

CHAPTER XV.



THE children rushed up to their friend with outstretched hands and their usual smiles of welcome. Philip patted their heads, and sat down with very webegone aspect at the family table. "Ah, friends," said he, "do you know all?"

"Yes, we do," said Laura, sadly, who has ever compassion for others' misfortunes.

"What! is it all over the town already?" asked poor Philip.

"The letter came from your father this morning." And we heard the letter to him, and showed him the affectionate special message for himself.

"His last thought was for you, Philip," said Laura, "and here, his last kind words!"

Philip shook his head. "It is not what is written here; but it is all the truth." And Philip found comfort in the intelligence which he proceeded to give. There was no exception in the house in Patr Street. A hundred clamorous creditors had already appeared



"Good Samaritans."



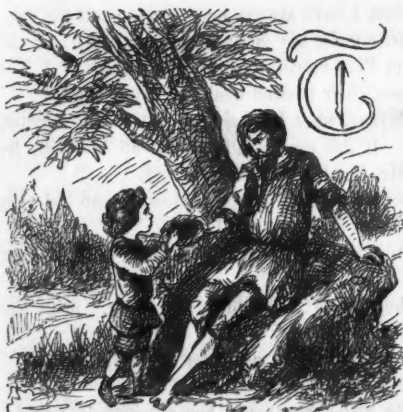
# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1861.

Philip.

CHAPTER XV.

SAMARITANS.



THE children trotted up to their friend with outstretched hands and their usual smiles of welcome. Philip patted their heads, and sate down with very webegone aspect at the family table. "Ah, friends," said he, "do you know all?"

"Yes, we do," said Laura, sadly, who has ever compassion for others' misfortunes.

"What! is it all over the town already?" asked poor Philip.

"We have a letter from your father this morning." And we brought the letter to him, and showed him the affectionate special message for himself.

"His last thought was for you, Philip!" cries Laura. "See here, those last kind words!"

Philip shook his head. "It is not untrue, what is written here: but it is not all the truth." And Philip Firmin dismayed us by the intelligence which he proceeded to give. There was an execution in the house in Old Parr Street. A hundred clamorous creditors had already appeared

there. Before going away, the doctor had taken considerable sums from those dangerous financiers to whom he had been of late resorting. They were in possession of numberless lately-signed bills, upon which the desperate man had raised money. He had professed to share with Philip, but he had taken the great share, and left Philip two hundred pounds of his own money. All the rest was gone. All Philip's stock had been sold out. The father's fraud had made him master of the trustee's signature: and Philip Firmin, reputed to be so wealthy, was a beggar, in my room. Luckily he had few, or very trifling, debts. Mr. Philip had a lordly impatience of indebtedness, and, with a good bachelor-income, had paid for all his pleasures as he enjoyed them.

Well! He must work. A young man ruined at two-and-twenty, with a couple of hundred pounds yet in his pocket, hardly knows that he is ruined. He will sell his horses—live in chambers—has enough to go on for a year. "When I am very hard put to it," says Philip, "I will come and dine with the children at one. I daresay you haven't dined much at Williams's in the Old Bailey? You can get a famous dinner there for a shilling—beef, bread, potatoes, beer, and a penny for the waiter." Yes, Philip seemed actually to enjoy his discomfiture. It was long since we had seen him in such spirits. "The weight is off my mind now. It has been throttling me for some time past. Without understanding why or wherefore, I have always been looking out for this. My poor father had ruin written in his face: and when those bailiffs made their appearance in Old Parr Street yesterday, I felt as if I had known them before. I had seen their hooked beaks in my dreams."

"That unlucky General Baynes, when he accepted your mother's trust, took it with its consequences. If the sentry falls asleep on his post, he must pay the penalty," says Mr. Pendennis, very severely.

"Great powers! you would not have me come down on an old man with a large family, and ruin them all?" cries Philip.

"No: I don't think Philip will do that," says my wife, looking exceedingly pleased.

"If men accept trusts they must fulfil them, my dear," cries the master of the house.

"And I must make that old gentleman suffer for my father's wrong? If I do, may I starve! there!" cries Philip.

"And so that poor Little Sister has made her sacrifice in vain!" sighed my wife. "As for the father—oh, Arthur! I can't tell you how odious that man was to me. There was something dreadful about him. And in his manner to women—ch!—"

"If he had been a black draught, my dear, you could not have shuddered more naturally."

"Well, he was horrible; and I know Philip will be better now he is gone."

Women often make light of ruin. Give them but the beloved objects, and poverty is a trifling sorrow to bear. As for Philip, he,

as we have said, is gayer than he has been for years past. The doctor's flight occasions not a little club talk : but, now he is gone, many people see quite well that they were aware of his insolvency, and always knew it must end so. The case is told, is canvassed, is exaggerated as such cases will be. I daresay it forms a week's talk. But people know that poor Philip is his father's largest creditor, and eye the young man with no unfriendly looks when he comes to his club after his mishap,—with burning cheeks, and a tingling sense of shame, imagining that all the world will point at and avoid him as the guilty fugitive's son.

No : the world takes very little heed of his misfortune. One or two old acquaintances are kinder to him than before. A few say his ruin, and his obligation to work, will do him good. Only a very, very few avoid him, and look unconscious as he passes them by. Amongst these cold countenances, you, of course, will recognize the faces of the whole Twysden family. Three statues, with marble eyes, could not look more stony-calm than aunt Twysden and her two daughters, as they pass in the stately barouche. The gentlemen turn red when they see Philip. It is rather late times for uncle Twysden to begin blushing, to be sure. "Hang the fellow ! he will, of course, be coming for money. Dawkins, I am not at home, mind, when young Mr. Firmin calls." So says Lord Ringwood, regarding Philip fallen among thieves. Ah, thanks to Heaven, travellers find Samaritans as well as Levites on life's hard way ! Philip told us with much humour of a rencontre which he had had with his cousin, Ringwood Twysden, in a public place. Twysden was enjoying himself with some young clerks of his office ; but as Philip advanced upon him, assuming his fiercest scowl and most hectoring manner, the other lost heart, and fled. And no wonder. "Do you suppose," says Twysden, "I will willingly sit in the same room with that cad, after the manner in which he has treated my family ! No, sir !" And so the tall door in Beaunash Street is to open for Philip Firmin no more.

The tall door in Beaunash Street flies open readily enough for another gentleman. A splendid cab-horse reins up before it every day. A pair of varnished boots leap out of the cab, and spring up the broad stairs, where somebody is waiting with a smile of genteel welcome—the same smile—on the same sofa—the same mamma at her table writing her letters. And beautiful bouquets from Covent Garden decorate the room. And after half an hour mamma goes out to speak to the housekeeper, *vous comprenez*. And there is nothing particularly new under the sun. It will shine to-morrow upon pretty much the same flowers, sports, pastimes, &c., which it illuminated yesterday. And when your love-making days are over, miss, and you are married, and advantageously established, shall not your little sisters, now in the nursery, trot down and play their little games ? Would you, on your conscience, now—you who are rather inclined to consider Miss Agnes Twysden's conduct as heartless—would you, I say, have her cry her pretty eyes out about a young man who does not care much for her, for whom she never

did care much herself, and who is now, moreover, a beggar, with a ruined and disgraced father and a doubtful legitimacy? Absurd! That dear girl is like a beautiful fragrant bower-room at the Star and Garter at Richmond, with honeysuckles mayhap trailing round the windows, from which you behold one of the most lovely and pleasant of wood and river scenes. The tables are decorated with flowers, rich wine-cups sparkle on the board, and Captain Jones's party have everything they can desire. Their dinner over, and that company gone, the same waiters, the same flowers, the same cups and crystals, array themselves for Mr. Brown and *his* party. Or, if you won't have Agnes Twysden compared to the Star and Garter Tavern, which must admit mixed company, liken her to the chaste moon who shines on shepherds of all complexions, swarthy or fair.

When, oppressed by superior odds, a commander is forced to retreat, we like him to show his skill by carrying off his guns, treasure, and camp equipages. Doctor Firmin, beaten by fortune and compelled to fly, showed quite a splendid skill and coolness in his manner of decamping, and left the very smallest amount of spoils in the hands of the victorious enemy. His wines had been famous amongst the grave epicures with whom he dined: he used to boast, like a worthy *bon vivant* who knows the value of wine-conversation after dinner, of the quantities which he possessed, and the rare bins which he had in store; but when the executioners came to arrange his sale, there was found only a beggarly account of empty bottles, and I fear some of the unprincipled creditors put in a great quantity of bad liquor which they endeavoured to foist off on the public as the genuine and carefully selected stock of a well-known connoisseur. News of this dishonest proceeding reached Dr. Firmin presently in his retreat; and he showed by his letter a generous and manly indignation at the manner in which his creditors had tampered with his honest name and reputation as a *bon vivant*. *He* have bad wine! For shame! He had the best from the best wine-merchant, and paid, or rather owed, the best prices for it; for of late years the doctor had paid no bills at all: and the wine-merchant appeared in quite a handsome group of figures in his schedule. In like manner his books were pawned to a book auctioneer; and Brice, the butler, had a bill of sale for the furniture. Firmin retreated, we will not say with the honours of war, but as little harmed as possible by defeat. Did the enemy want the plunder of his city? He had smuggled almost all his valuable goods over the wall. Did they desire his ships? He had sunk them: and when at length the conquerors poured into his stronghold, he was far beyond the reach of their shot. Don't we often hear still that Nana Sahib is alive and exceedingly comfortable? We do not love him; but we can't help having a kind of admiration for that slippery fugitive who has escaped from the dreadful jaws of the lion. In a word, when Firmin's furniture came to be sold, it was a marvel how little his creditors benefited by the sale. Contemptuous brokers declared there never was such a shabby lot of goods. A friend of the house and

poor Philip bought in his mother's picture for a few guineas; and as for the doctor's own state portrait, I am afraid it went for a few shillings only, and in the midst of a roar of Hebrew laughter. I saw in Wardour Street, not long after, the doctor's sideboard, and what dealers cheerfully call the sarcophagus cellaret. Poor doctor! his wine was all drunken; his meat was eaten up; but his own body had slipped out of the reach of the hook-beaked birds of prey.

We had spoken rapidly in under tones, innocently believing that the young people round about us were taking no heed of our talk. But in a lull of the conversation, Mr. Pendennis junior, who had always been a friend to Philip, broke out with—"Philip! if you are so *very* poor, you'll be hungry, you know, and you may have my piece of bread and jam. And I don't want it, mamma," he added; "and you know Philip has often and often given me things."

Philip stooped down and kissed this good little Samaritan. "I'm not hungry, Arty, my boy," he said; "and I'm not so poor but I have got—look here—a fine new shilling for Arty!"

"Oh, Philip, Philip!" cried mamma.

"Don't take the money, Arthur," cried papa.

And the boy, with a rueful face but a manly heart, prepared to give back the coin. "It's quite a new one; and it's a very pretty one; but I won't have it, Philip, thank you," he said, turning very red.

"If he won't, I vow I will give it to the cabman," said Philip.

"Keeping a cab all this while? Oh, Philip, Philip!" again cries mamma the economist.

"Loss of time is loss of money, my dear lady," says Philip, very gravely. "I have ever so many places to go to. When I am set in for being ruined, you shall see what a screw I will become! I must go to Mrs. Brandon, who will be very uneasy, poor dear, until she knows the worst."

"Oh, Philip, I should like so to go with you!" cries Laura. "Pray, give her our very best regards and respects."

"*Merci!*" said the young man, and squeezed Mrs. Pendennis's hand in his own big one. "I will take your message to her, Laura. *J'aime qu'on l'aime, savez-vous?*"

"That means, I love those who love her," cries little Laura; "but, I don't know," remarked this little person afterwards to her paternal confidant, "that I like *all* people to love my mamma. That is, I don't like *her* to like them, papa—only you may, papa, and Ethel may, and Arthur may, and, I think, Philip may, now he is poor and quite, quite alone—and we will take care of him, won't we? And, I think, I'll buy him something with my money which aunt Ethel gave me."

"And I'll give him my money," cries a boy.

"And I'll div him my—my——" Psha! what matters what the little sweet lips prattled in their artless kindness? But the soft words of love and pity smote the mother's heart with an exquisite pang of gratitude

and joy: and I know where her thanks were paid for those tender words and thoughts of her little ones.

Mrs. Pendennis made Philip promise to come to dinner, and also to remember not to take a cab—which promise Mr. Firmin had not much difficulty in executing, for he had but a few hundred yards to walk across the Park from his club; and I must say that my wife took a special care of our dinner that day, preparing for Philip certain dishes which she knew he liked, and enjoining the butler of the establishment (who also happened to be the owner of the house) to fetch from his cellar the very choicest wine in his possession.

I have previously described our friend and his boisterous, impetuous, generous nature. When Philip was moved, he called to all the world to witness his emotion. When he was angry, his enemies were all the rogues and scoundrels in the world. He vowed he would have no mercy on them, and desired all his acquaintances to participate in his anger. How could such an open-mouthed son have had such a close-spoken father? I daresay you have seen very well-bred young people, the children of vulgar and ill-bred parents; the swaggering father have a silent son; the loud mother a modest daughter. Our friend is not Amadis or Sir Charles Grandison; and I don't set him up for a moment as a person to be revered or imitated; but try to draw him faithfully, and as nature made him. As nature made him, so he was. I don't think he tried to improve himself much. Perhaps few people do. They suppose they do: and you read, in apologetic memoirs, and fond biographies, how this man cured his bad temper, and t'other worked and strove until he grew to be almost faultless. Very well and good, my good people. You can learn a language; you can master a science; I have heard of an old square-toes of sixty who learned, by study and intense application, very satisfactorily to dance; but can you, by taking thought, add to your moral stature? Ah me! the doctor who preaches is only taller than most of us by the height of the pulpit: and when he steps down, I daresay he cringes to the duchess, growls at his children, scolds his wife about the dinner. All is vanity, look you: and so the preacher is vanity, too.

Well, then, I must again say that Philip roared his griefs: he shouted his laughter: he bellowed his applause: he was extravagant in his humility as in his pride, in his admiration of his friends and contempt for his enemies: I daresay not a just man, but I have met juster men not half so honest; and certainly not a faultless man, though I know better men not near so good. So, I believe, my wife thinks: else why should she be so fond of him? Did we not know boys who never went out of bounds, and never were late for school, and never made a false concord or quantity, and never came under the ferule; and others who were always playing truant, and blundering, and being whipped; and yet, somehow, was not Master Naughtyboy better liked than Master Goodchild? When Master Naughtyboy came to dine with us on the first day



of his ruin, he bore a face of radiant happiness—he laughed, he bounced about, he caressed the children; now he took a couple on his knees; now he tossed the baby to the ceiling; now he sprawled over a sofa, and now he rode upon a chair; never was a penniless gentleman more cheerful. As for his dinner, Phil's appetite was always fine, but on this day an ogre could scarcely play a more terrible knife and fork. He asked for more and more, until his entertainers wondered to behold him. "Dine for to-day and to-morrow too; can't expect such fare as this every day, you know. This claret, how good it is! May I pack some up in paper, and take it home with me?" The children roared with laughter at this admirable idea of carrying home wine in a sheet of paper. I don't know that it is always at the best jokes that children laugh:—children and wise men too.

When we three were by ourselves, and freed from the company of servants and children, our friend told us the cause of his gaiety. "By George!" he swore, "it is worth being ruined to find such good people in the world. My dear, kind Laura"—here the gentleman brushes his eyes with his fist—"it was as much as I could do this morning to prevent myself from hugging you in my arms, you were so generous, and—and so kind, and so tender, and so good, by George. And after leaving you, where do you think I went?"

"I think I can guess, Philip," says Laura.

"Well," says Philip, winking his eyes again, and tossing off a great bumper of wine, "I went to her, of course. I think she is the best friend I have in the world. The old man was out, and I told her about everything that had happened. And what do you think she has done? She says she has been expecting me—she has; and she has gone and fitted up a room with a nice little bed at the top of the house, with everything as neat and trim as possible; and she begged and prayed I would go and stay with her—and I said I would, to please her. And then she takes me down to her room; and she jumps up to a cupboard, which she unlocks; and she opens and takes three-and-twenty pounds out of a—out of a tea—cut of a tea-caddy—confound me!—and she says, 'Here, Philip,' she says, and—Boo! what a fool I am!" and here the orator fairly broke down in his speech.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## IN WHICH PHILIP SHOWS HIS METTLE.



HEN the poor little sister proffered her mite, her all, to Philip, I daresay some sentimental passages occurred between them which are much too trivial to be narrated. No doubt her pleasure would have been at that moment to give him not only that gold which she had been saving up against rent-day, but the spoons, the furniture, and all the valuables of the house, including, perhaps, J. J.'s bricabrac, cabinets, china, and so forth. To perform a kindness, an act of self-

sacrifice;—are not these the most delicious privileges of female tenderness? Philip checked his little friend's enthusiasm. He showed her a purse full of money, at which sight the poor little soul was rather disappointed. He magnified the value of his horses, which, according to Philip's calculation, were to bring him at least two hundred pounds more than the stock which he had already in hand; and the master of such a sum as this, she was forced to confess, had no need to despair. Indeed, she had never in her life possessed the half of it. Her kind dear little offer of a home in her house he would accept sometimes, and with gratitude. Well, there was a little consolation in that. In a moment that active little housekeeper saw the room ready; flowers on the mantel-piece; his looking-glass, which her father could do quite well with the little one, as he was always shaved by the barber now; the quilted counterpane, which she had herself made:—I know not what more improvements she devised; and I fear that at the idea of having Philip with her, this little thing was as extravagantly and unreasonably happy as we have just now seen Philip to be. What was that last dish which Pætus and Arria shared in common? I have lost my Lempriere's dictionary (that treasure of my youth), and forget whether it was a cold dagger *au naturel*, or a dish of hot coals *à la Romaine*, of which they partook; but, whatever it



was, she smiled, and delightedly received it, happy to share the beloved one's fortune.

Yes: Philip would come home to his Little Sister sometimes: sometimes of a Saturday, and they would go to church on Sunday, as he used to do when he was a boy at school. "But then, you know," says Phil, "law is law; study is study. I must devote my whole energies to my work—get up very early."

"Don't tire your eyes, my dear," interposes Mr. Philip's soft, judicious friend.

"There must be no trifling with work," says Philip, with awful gravity. "There's Benton the Judge: Benton, and Burbage, you know."

"Oh, Benton and Burbage!" whispers the Little Sister, not a little bewildered.

"How do you suppose he became a judge before forty?"

"Before forty who? law, bless me!"

"Before *he* was forty, Mrs. Carry. When he came to work, he had his own way to make: just like me. He had a small allowance from his father: that's not like me. He took chambers in the Temple. He went to a pleader's office. He read fourteen, fifteen hours every day. He dined on a cup of tea and a mutton-chop."

"La, bless me, child! I wouldn't have you do that, not to be Lord Chamberlain—Chancellor what's his name? Destroy your youth with reading, and your eyes, and go without your dinner? You're not used to that sort of thing, dear; and it would kill you!"

Philip smoothed his fair hair off his ample forehead, and nodded his head, smiling sweetly. I think his inward monitor hinted to him that there was not much danger of his killing himself by over-work. "To succeed at the law, as in all other professions," he continued, with much gravity, "requires the greatest perseverance, and industry, and talent; and then, perhaps, you don't succeed. Many have failed who have had all these qualities."

"But they haven't talents like my Philip, I know they haven't. And I had to stand up in a court once, and was cross-examined by a vulgar man before a horrid deaf old judge; and I'm sure if your lawyers are like them I don't wish you to succeed at all. And now, look! there's nice loin of pork coming up. Pa loves roast pork; and you must come and have some with us; and every day and all days, my dear, I should like to see you seated there." And the Little Sister frisked about here, and bustled there, and brought a cunning bottle of wine from some corner, and made the boy welcome. So that, you see, far from starving, he actually had two dinners on that first day of his ruin.

Caroline consented to a compromise regarding the money, on Philip's solemn vow and promise that she should be his banker whenever necessity called. She rather desired his poverty for the sake of its precious

reward. She hid away a little bag of gold for her darling's use whenever he should need it. I daresay she pinched and had shabby dinners at home, so as to save yet more, and so caused the captain to grumble. Why, for that boy's sake, I believe she would have been capable of shaving her lodgers' legs of mutton, and levying a tax on their tea-caddies and baker's stuff. If you don't like unprincipled attachments of this sort, and only desire that your womankind should love you for yourself, and according to your deserts, I am your very humble servant. Hereditary bondswomen ! you know, that were you free, and did you strike the blow, my dears, you were unhappy for your pain, and eagerly would claim your bonds again. What poet has uttered that sentiment ? It is perfectly true, and I know will receive the cordial approbation of the dear ladies.

Philip has decreed in his own mind that he will go and live in those chambers in the Temple where we have met him. Vanjohn, the sporting gentleman, had determined for special reasons to withdraw from law and sport in this country, and Mr. Firmin took possession of his vacant sleeping chamber. To furnish a bachelor's bed-room need not be a matter of much cost ; but Mr. Philip was too good-natured a fellow to haggle about the valuation of Vanjohn's bedsteads and chests of drawers, and generously took them at twice their value. He and Mr. Cassidy now divided the rooms in equal reign. Ah, happy rooms, bright rooms, rooms near the sky, to remember you is to be young again ! for I would have you to know, that when Philip went to take possession of his share of the fourth floor in the Temple, his biographer was still comparatively juvenile, and in one or two very old-fashioned families was called "young Pendennis."

So Philip Firmin dwelt in a garret ; and the fourth part of a laundress and the half of a boy now formed the domestic establishment of him who had been attended by housekeepers, butlers, and obsequious liveried menials. To be freed from that ceremonial and etiquette of plush and worsted lace was an immense relief to Firmin. His pipe need not lurk in crypts or back closets now : its fragrance breathed over the whole chambers, and rose up to the sky, their near neighbour.

The first month or two after being ruined, Philip vowed, was an uncommonly pleasant time. He had still plenty of money in his pocket ; and the sense that, perhaps, it was imprudent to take a cab or drink a bottle of wine, added a zest to these enjoyments which they by no means possessed when they were easy and of daily occurrence. I am not certain that a dinner of beef and porter did not amuse our young man almost as well as banquets much more costly to which he had been accustomed. He laughed at the pretensions of his boyish days, when he and other solemn young epicures used to sit down to elaborate tavern banquets, and pretend to criticize vintages, and sauces, and turtle. As yet there was not only content with his dinner, but plenty therewith ; and I do not wish to alarm you by supposing that Philip will ever have to

encounter any dreadful extremities of poverty or hunger in the course of his history. The wine in the jug was very low at times, but it never was quite empty. This lamb was shorn, but the wind was tempered to him.

So Philip took possession of his rooms in the Temple, and began actually to reside there just as the long vacation commenced, which he intended to devote to a course of serious study of the law and private preparation, before he should venture on the great business of circuits and the bar. Nothing is more necessary for desk-men than exercise, so Philip took a good deal; especially on the water, where he pulled a famous oar. Nothing is more natural after exercise than refreshment; and Mr. Firmin, now he was too poor for claret, showed a great capacity for beer. After beer and bodily labour, rest, of course, is necessary; and Firmin slept nine hours, and looked as rosy as a girl in her first season. Then such a man, with such a frame and health, must have a good appetite for breakfast. And then every man, who wishes to succeed at the bar, in the senate, on the bench, in the House of Peers, on the Wool-sack, must know the quotidian history of his country; so, of course, Philip read the newspaper. Thus, you see, his hours of study were perforce curtailed by the necessary duties which distracted him from his labours.

It has been said that Mr. Firmin's companion in chambers, Mr. Cassidy, was a native of the neighbouring kingdom of Ireland, and engaged in literary pursuits in this country. A merry, shrewd, silent, observant little man, he, unlike some of his compatriots, always knew how to make both ends meet; feared no man alive in the character of a dun; and out of small earnings managed to transmit no small comforts and subsidies to old parents living somewhere in Munster. Of Cassidy's friends was Finucane, now editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; he married the widow of the late eccentric and gifted Captain Shandon, and Cass. himself was the fashionable correspondent of the *Gazette*, chronicling the marriages, deaths, births, dinner-parties of the nobility. These Irish gentlemen knew other Irish gentlemen, connected with other newspapers, who formed a little literary society. They assembled at each other's rooms, and at haunts where social pleasure was to be purchased at no dear rate. Philip Firmin was known to many of them before his misfortunes occurred, and when there was gold in plenty in his pocket, and never-failing applause for his songs.

When Pendennis and his friends wrote in this newspaper, it was impertinent enough, and many men must have heard the writers laugh at the airs which they occasionally thought proper to assume. The tone which they took amused, annoyed, tickled, was popular. It was continued, and, of course, caricatured by their successors. They worked for very moderate fees: but paid themselves by impertinence, and the satisfaction of assailing their betters. Three or four persons were reserved from their abuse; but somebody was sure every week to be tied up at

their post, and the public made sport of the victim's contortions. The writers were obscure barristers, ushers, and college men, but they had omniscience at their pen's end, and were ready to lay down the law on any given subject—to teach any man his business, were it a bishop in his pulpit, a Minister in his place in the House, a captain on his quarter-deck, a tailor on his shopboard, or a jockey in his saddle.

Since those early days of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, when old Shandon wielded his truculent tomahawk, and Messrs. W—rr—ngt—n and P—nd—nn—s followed him in the war-path, the *Gazette* had passed through several hands; and the victims who were immolated by the editors of to-day were very likely the objects of the best puffery of the last dynasty. To be flogged in what was your own schoolroom—that, surely, is a queer sensation; and when my Report was published on the decay of the sealing-wax trade in the three kingdoms (owing to the prevalence of gummed envelopes,—as you may see in that masterly document), I was horsed up and smartly whipped in the *Gazette* by some of the rods which had come out of pickle since my time. Was not good Dr. Guillotin executed by his own neat invention? I don't know who was the Monsieur Samson who operated on me; but have always had my idea that Digges, of Corpus, was the man to whom my flagellation was entrusted. His father keeps a ladies'-school at Hackney; but there is an air of fashion in everything which Digges writes, and a chivalrous conservatism which makes me pretty certain that D. was my scarifier. All this, however, is naught. Let us turn away from the author's private griefs and egotisms to those of the hero of the story.

Does any one remember the appearance some twenty years ago of a little book called *Trumpet Calls*—a book of songs and poetry, dedicated to his brother officers by Cornet Canterton? His trumpet was very tolerably melodious, and the cornet played some small airs on it with some little grace and skill. But this poor Canterton belonged to the Life Guards Green, and Philip Firmin would have liked to have the lives of one or two troops at least of that corps. Entering into Mr. Cassidy's room, Philip found the little volume. He set to work to exterminate Canterton. He rode him down, trampled over his face and carcase, knocked the *Trumpet Calls* and all the teeth out of the trumpeter's throat. Never was such a smashing article as he wrote. And Mugford, Mr. Cassidy's chief and owner, who likes always to have at least one man served up and hashed small in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, happened at this very juncture to have no other victim ready in his larder. Philip's review appeared there in print. He rushed off with immense glee to Westminster, to show us his performance. Nothing must content him but to give a dinner at Greenwich on his success. Oh, Philip! We wished that this had not been his first fee; and that sober law had given it to him, and not the graceless and fickle muse with whom he had been flirting. For, truth to say, certain wise old heads which wagged over his performance could see but little merit in it. His style was coarse, his wit clumsy

and savage. Never mind characterizing either now. He has seen the error of his ways, and divorced with the muse whom he never ought to have wooed.

The shrewd Cassidy not only could not write himself, but knew he could not—or, at least, pen more than a plain paragraph, or a brief sentence to the point, but said he would carry this paper to his chief. "His Excellency" was the nickname by which this chief was called by his familiars. Mugford—Frederick Mugford was his real name—and putting out of sight that little defect in his character, that he committed a systematic literary murder once a week, a more worthy, good-natured little murderer did not live. He came of the old school of the press. Like French marshals, he had risen from the ranks, and retained some of the manners and oddities of the private soldier. A new race of writers had grown up since he enlisted as a printer's boy—men of the world, with the manners of other gentlemen. Mugford never professed the least gentility. He knew that his young men laughed at his peculiarities, and did not care a fig for their scorn. As the knife with which he conveyed his victuals to his mouth went down his throat at the plenteous banquets which he gave, he saw his young friends wince and wonder, and rather relished their surprise. Those lips never cared in the least about placing his *h*'s in right places. They used bad language with great freedom—to hear him bullying a printing office was a wonder of eloquence—but they betrayed no secrets, and the words which they uttered you might trust. He had belonged to two or three parties, and had respected them all. When he went to the Under-Secretary's office he was never kept waiting; and once or twice Mrs. Mugford, who governed him, ordered him to attend the Saturday reception of the Ministers' ladies, where he might be seen, with dirty hands, it is true, but a richly embroidered waistcoat and fancy satin tie. His heart, however, was not in these entertainments. I have heard him say that he only came because Mrs. M. would have it; and he frankly owned that he "would rather ave a pipe, and a drop of something ot, than all your ices and rubbish."

Mugford had a curious knowledge of what was going on in the world, and of the affairs of countless people. When Cass. brought Philip's article to his Excellency, and mentioned the author's name, Mugford showed himself to be perfectly familiar with the histories of Philip and his father. "The old chap has nobbled the young fellow's money, almost every shilling of it, I hear. Knew he never would carry on. His discounts would have killed any man. Seen his paper about this ten year. Young one is a gentleman—passionate fellow, hawhaw fellow, but kind to the poor. Father never was a gentleman, with all his fine airs and fine waistcoats. I don't set up in that line myself, Cass., but I tell you I know 'em when I see 'em."

Philip had friends and private patrons whose influence was great with the Mugford family, and of whom he little knew. Every year Mrs. M. was in the habit of contributing a Mugford to the world. She was one of

Mrs. Brandon's most regular clients; and year after year, almost from his first arrival in London, Ridley, the painter, had been engaged as portrait painter to this worthy family. Philip and his illness; Philip and his horses, splendours, and entertainments; Philip and his lamentable downfall and ruin, had formed the subject of many an interesting talk between Mrs. Mugford and her friend, the Little Sister; and as we know Caroline's infatuation about the young fellow, we may suppose that his good qualities lost nothing in the description. When that article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* appeared, Nurse Brandon took the omnibus to Haverstock Hill, where, as you know, Mugford had his villa;—arrived at Mrs. Mugford's, *Gazette* in hand, and had a long and delightful conversation with that lady. Mrs. Brandon bought I don't know how many copies of that *Pall Mall Gazette*. She now asked for it repeatedly in her walks at sundry ginger-beer shops, and of all sorts of newsvendors. I have heard that when the Mugfords first purchased the *Gazette*, Mrs. M. used to drop bills from her pony-chaise, and distribute placards setting forth the excellence of the journal. "We keep our carriage, but we ain't above our business, Brandon," that good lady would say. And the business prospered under the management of these worthy folks; and the pony-chaise unfolded into a noble barouche; and the pony increased and multiplied, and became a pair of horses; and there was not a richer piece of gold-lace round any coachman's hat in London than now decorated John, who had grown with the growth of his master's fortunes, and drove the chariot in which his worthy employers rode on the away to Hampstead, honour, and prosperity.

"All this pitching into the poet is very well, you know, Cassidy," says Mugford to his subordinate. "It's like shooting a butterfly with a blunderbuss; but if Firmin likes that kind of sport, I don't mind. There won't be any difficulty about taking his copy at our place. The duchess knows another old woman who is a friend of his" ("the duchess," was the title which Mr. Mugford was in the playful habit of conferring upon his wife.) "It's my belief young F. had better stick to the law, and leave the writing rubbish alone. But he knows his own affairs best, and, mind you, the duchess is determined we shall give him a helping hand."

Once, in the days of his prosperity, and in J. J.'s company, Philip had visited Mrs. Mugford and her family—a circumstance which the gentleman had almost forgotten. The painter and his friend were taking a Sunday walk, and came upon Mugford's pretty cottage and garden, and were hospitably entertained there by the owners of the place. It has disappeared, and the old garden has long since been covered by terraces and villas, and Mugford and Mrs. M., good souls, where are they? But the lady thought she had never seen such a fine-looking young fellow as Philip; cast about in her mind which of her little female Mugfords should marry him; and insisted upon offering her guest champagne. Poor Phil! So, you see, whilst, perhaps, he was rather pluming himself upon his literary talents, and imagining that he was a clever fellow, he



was only the object of a job on the part of two or three good folks, who knew his history, and compassionated his misfortunes.

Mugford recalled himself to Philip's recollection, when they met after the appearance of Mr. Phil's first performance in the *Gazette*. If he still took a Sunday walk, Hampstead way, Mr. M. requested him to remember that there was a slice of beef and a glass of wine at the old shop. Philip remembered it well enough now: the ugly room, the ugly family, the kind worthy people. Ere long he learned what had been Mrs. Brandon's connection with them, and the young man's heart was softened and grateful as he thought how this kind, gentle creature had been able to befriend him. She, we may be sure, was not a little proud of her protégé. I believe she grew to fancy that the whole newspaper was written by Philip. She made her fond parent read it aloud as she worked. Mr. Ridley, senior, pronounced it was remarkable fine, really now; without, I think, entirely comprehending the meaning of the sentiments which Mr. Gann gave forth in his rich loud voice, and often dropping asleep in his chair during this sermon.

In the autumn, Mr. Firmin's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis, selected the romantic seaport town of Boulogne for their holiday residence; and having roomy quarters in the old town, we gave Mr. Philip an invitation to pay us a visit whenever he could tear himself away from literature and law. He came in high spirits. He amused us by imitations and descriptions of his new proprietor and master, Mr. Mugford—his blunders, his bad language, his good heart. One day, Mugford expected a celebrated literary character to dinner, and Philip and Cassidy were invited to meet him. The great man was ill, and was unable to come. "Don't dish up the side-dishes," called out Mugford to his cook, in the hearing of his other guests. "Mr. Lyon ain't a coming." They dined quite sufficiently without the side-dishes, and were perfectly cheerful in the absence of the lion. Mugford patronized his young men with amusing good-nature. "Firmin, cut the goose for the duchess, will you? Cass. can't say Bo! to one, he can't. Ridley, a little of the stuffing. It'll make your hair curl." And Philip was going to imitate a frightful act with the cold steel (with which I have said Philip's master used to convey food to his mouth), but our dear innocent third daughter uttered a shriek of terror, which caused him to drop the dreadful weapon. Our darling little Florence is a nervous child, and the sight of an edged tool causes her anguish, ever since our darling little Tom nearly cut his thumb off with his father's razor.

Our main amusement in this delightful place was to look at the sea-sick landing from the steamers; and one day, as we witnessed this phenomenon, Philip sprang to the ropes which divided us from the arriving passengers, and with a cry of "How do you do, general?" greeted a yellow-faced gentleman, who started back, and, to my thinking, seemed but ill inclined to reciprocate Philip's friendly greeting. The general was fluttered, no doubt, by the bustle and interruptions incidental to the

landing. A pallid lady, the partner of his existence probably, was calling out, "Noof et doo domestiques, Doo!" to the sentries who kept the line, and who seemed little interested by this family news. A governess, a tall young lady, and several more male and female children, followed the pale lady, who, as I thought, looked strangely frightened when the gentleman addressed as general communicated to her Philip's name. "Is that him?" said the lady in questionable grammar; and the tall young lady turned a pair of large eyes upon the individual designated as "him," and showed a pair of dank ringlets, out of which the envious sea-nymphs had shaken all the curl.

The general turned out to be General Baynes; the pale lady was Mrs. General B.; the tall young lady was Miss Charlotte Baynes, the general's eldest child; and the other six, forming nine, or "noof," in all, as Mrs. General B. said, were the other members of the Baynes family. And here I may as well say why the general looked alarmed on seeing Philip, and why the general's lady frowned at him. In action, one of the bravest of men, in common life General Baynes was timorous and weak. Specially he was afraid of Mrs. General Baynes, who ruled him with a vigorous authority. As Philip's trustee, he had allowed Philip's father to make away with the boy's money. He learned with a ghastly terror that he was answerable for his own remissness and want of care. For a long while he did not dare to tell his commander-in-chief of this dreadful penalty which was hanging over him. When at last he ventured upon this confession, I do not envy him the scene which must have ensued between him and his commanding officer. The morning after the fatal confession, when the children assembled for breakfast and prayers, Mrs. Baynes gave their young ones their porridge: she and Charlotte poured out the tea and coffee for the elders, and then addressing her eldest son Ochterlony, she said, "Ocky, my boy, the general has announced a charming piece of news this morning."

"Bought that pony, sir?" says Ocky.

"Oh, what jolly fun!" says Moira, the second son.

"Dear, dear papa! what's the matter, and why do you look so?" cries Charlotte, looking behind her father's paper.

That guilty man would fain have made a shroud of his *Morning Herald*. He would have flung the sheet over his whole body, and lain hidden there from all eyes.

"The fun, my dears, is that your father is ruined: that's the fun. Eat your porridge now, little ones. Charlotte, pop a bit of butter in Carrick's porridge; for you mayn't have any to-morrow."

"Oh, gammon," cries Moira.

"You'll soon see whether it is gammon or not, sir, when you'll be starving, sir. Your father has ruined us—and a very pleasant morning's work, I am sure."

And she calmly rubs the nose of her youngest child who is near her, and too young, and innocent, and careless, perhaps, of the world's censure



as yet to keep in a strict cleanliness her own dear little snub nose and dappled cheeks.

"We are only ruined, and shall be starving soon, my dears, and if the general has bought a pony—as I dare say he has; he is quite capable of buying a pony when we are starving—the best thing we can do is to eat the pony. M'Grigor, don't laugh. Starvation is no laughing matter. When we were at Dumdum, in '36, we ate some colt. Don't you remember Jubber's colt—Jubber of the Horse Artillery, general? Never tasted anything more tender in all my life. Charlotte, take Jany's hands out of the marmalade! We are all ruined, my dears, as sure as our name is Baynes." Thus did the mother of the family prattle on in the midst of her little ones, and announce to them the dreadful news of impending starvation. "General Baynes, by his carelessness, had allowed Dr. Firmin to make away with the money over which the general had been set as sentinel. Philip might recover from the trustee, and no doubt would. Perhaps he would not press his claim? My dear, what can you expect from the son of such a father? Depend on it, Charlotte, no good fruit can come from a stock like that. The son is a bad one, the father is a bad one, and your father, poor dear soul, is not fit to be trusted to walk the street without some one to keep him from tumbling. Why did I allow him to go to town without me? We were quartered at Colchester then: and I could not move on account of your brother M'Grigor. 'Baynes,' I said to your father, 'as sure as I let you go away to town without me, you will come to mischief.' And go he did, and come to mischief he did. And through his folly I and my poor children must go and beg our bread in the streets—I and my seven poor, robbed, penniless little ones. Oh, it's cruel, cruel!"

Indeed, one cannot fancy a more dismal prospect for this worthy mother and wife than to see her children without provision at the commencement of their lives, and her luckless husband robbed of his life's earnings, and ruined just when he was too old to work.

What was to become of them? Now poor Charlotte thought, with pangs of a keen remorse, how idle she had been, and how she had snubbed her governesses, and how little she knew, and how badly she played the piano. Oh, neglected opportunities! Oh, remorse, now the time was past and irrecoverable! Does any young lady read this who, perchance, ought to be doing her lessons? My dear, lay down the story book at once. Go up to your schoolroom, and practise your piano for two hours this moment; so that you may be prepared to support your family, should ruin in any case fall upon *you*. A great girl of sixteen, I pity Charlotte Baynes' feelings of anguish. She can't write a very good hand; she can scarcely answer any question to speak of in any educational books; her pianoforte playing is very, very so-so indeed. If she is to go out and get a living for the family, how, in the name of goodness, is she to set about it? What are they to do with the boys, and the money that has been put away for Ochterlony when he goes to college, and for

Moira's commission? "Why, we can't afford to keep them at Dr. Pybus's, where they were doing so well; and they were ever so much better and more gentlemanlike than Colonel Chandler's boys; and to lose the army will break Moira's heart, it will. And the little ones, my little blue-eyed Carrick, and my darling Jany, and my Mary, that I nursed almost miraculously out of her scarlet fever. God help them! God help us all!" thinks the poor mother. No wonder that her nights are wakeful, and her heart in a tumult of alarm at the idea of the impending danger.

And the father of the family?—the stout old general whose battles and campaigns are over, who has come home to rest his war-worn limbs, and make his peace with Heaven ere it calls him away—what must be his feelings when he thinks that he has been entrapped by a villain into committing an imprudence, which makes his children penniless and himself dishonoured and a beggar? When he found what Dr. Firmin had done, and how he had been cheated, he went away, aghast, to his lawyer, who could give him no help. Philip's mother's trustee was answerable to Philip for his property. It had been stolen through Baynes' own carelessness, and the law bound him to replace it. General Baynes' man of business could not help him out of his perplexity at all; and I hope my worthy reader is not going to be too angry with the general for what I own he did. *You* never would, my dear sir, I know. No power on earth would induce *you* to depart one inch from the path of rectitude; or, having done an act of imprudence, to shrink from bearing the consequence. The long and short of the matter is, that poor Baynes and his wife, after holding agitated, stealthy councils together—after believing that every strange face they saw was a bailiff's coming to arrest them on Philip's account—after horrible days of remorse, misery, guilt—I say the long and the short of the matter was, that these poor people determined to run away. They would go and hide themselves anywhere—in an impenetrable pine forest in Norway—up an inaccessible mountain in Switzerland. They would change their names; dye their mustachios and honest old white hair; fly with their little ones away, away, away, out of the reach of law and Philip; and the first flight lands them on Boulogne Pier, and there is Mr. Philip holding out his hand and actually eyeing them as they got out of the steamer! Eyeing them? It is the eye of Heaven that is on those criminals. Holding out his hand to them? It is the hand of fate that is on their wretched shoulders. No wonder they shuddered and turned pale. That which I took for sea-sickness, I am sorry to say was a guilty conscience: and where is the steward, my dear friends, who can relieve us of that?

As this party came staggering out of the Custom-house, poor Baynes still found Philip's hand stretched out to catch hold of him, and saluted him with a ghastly cordiality. "These are your children, general, and this is Mrs. Baynes?" says Philip, smiling, and taking off his hat.

"Oh, yes! I'm Mrs. General Baynes!" says the poor woman; "and

these are the children—yes, yes. Charlotte, this is Mr. Firmin, of whom you have heard us speak ; and these are my boys, Moira and Ochterlony."

"I have had the honour of meeting General Baynes at Old Parr Street. Don't you remember, sir?" says Mr. Pendennis, with great affability to the general.

"What, *another* who knows me?" I daresay the poor wretch thinks; and glances of a dreadful meaning pass between the guilty wife and the guilty husband.

"You are going to stay at any hotel?"

"Hôtel des Bains!" "Hôtel du Nord!" "Hôtel d'Angleterre!" here cry twenty commissioners in a breath.

"Hotel? Oh, yes! That is, we have not made up our minds whether we shall go on to-night or whether we shall stay," say those guilty ones, looking at one another, and then down to the ground; on which one of the children, with a roar, says—

"Oh, ma, what a story! You said you'd stay to-night; and I was so sick in the beastly boat, and I *won't* travel any more!" And tears choke his artless utterance. "And you said Bang to the man who took your keys, you know you did," resumes the innocent, as soon as he can gasp a further remark.

"Who told *you* to speak?" cried mamma, giving the boy a shake.

"This is the way to the Hôtel des Bains," says Philip, making Miss Baynes another of his best bows. And Miss Baynes makes a curtsy, and her eyes look up at the handsome young man—large brown honest eyes in a comely round face, on each side of which depend two straight wisps of brown hair that were ringlets when they left Folkestone a few hours since.

"Oh, I say, look at those women with the short petticoats! and wooden shoes, by George! Oh! it's jolly, ain't it?" cries one young gentleman.

"By George, there's a man with earrings on! There is, Ocky, upon my word!" calls out another. And the elder boy, turning round to his father, points to some soldiers. "Did you ever see such little beggars?" he says, tossing his head up. "They wouldn't take such fellows into our line."

"I am not at all tired, thank you," says Charlotte. "I am accustomed to carry him." I forgot to say that the young lady had one of the children asleep on her shoulder; and another was toddling at her side, holding by his sister's dress, and admiring Mr. Firmin's whiskers, that flamed and curled very luminously and gloriously, like to the rays of the setting sun.

"I am very glad we met, sir," says Philip, in the most friendly manner, taking leave of the general at the gate of his hotel. "I hope you won't go away to-morrow, and that I may come and pay my respects to Mrs. Baynes." Again he salutes that lady with a *coup de chapeau*.

Again he bows to Miss Baynes. She makes a pretty curtsy enough, considering that she has a baby asleep on her shoulder. And they enter the hotel, the excellent Marie marshalling them to fitting apartments, where some of them, I have no doubt, will sleep very soundly. How much more comfortably might poor Baynes and his wife have slept had they known what were Philip's feelings regarding them!

We both admired Charlotte, the tall girl who carried her little brother, and around whom the others clung. And we spoke loudly in Miss Charlotte's praises to Mrs. Pendennis, when we joined that lady at dinner. In the praise of Mrs. Baynes we had not a great deal to say, further than that she seemed to take command of the whole expedition, including the general officer, her husband.

Though Marie's beds at the *Hôtel des Bains* are as comfortable as any beds in Europe, you see that admirable chambermaid cannot lay out a clean, easy conscience upon the clean, fragrant pillow-case; and General and Mrs. Baynes owned, in after days, that one of the most dreadful nights they ever passed was that of their first landing in France. What refugee from his country can fly from himself? Railways were not as yet in that part of France. The general was too poor to fly with a couple of private carriages, which he must have had for his family of "noof," his governess, and two servants. Encumbered with such a train, his enemy would speedily have pursued and overtaken him. It is a fact that, immediately after landing at his hotel, he and his commanding officer went off to see when they could get places for—never mind the name of the place where they really thought of taking refuge. They never told, but Mrs. General Baynes had a sister, Mrs. Major MacWhirter (married to MacW. of the Bengal Cavalry), and the sisters loved each other very affectionately, especially by letter, for it must be owned that they quarrelled frightfully when together; and Mrs. MacWhirter never could bear that her younger sister should be taken out to dinner before her, because she was married to a superior officer. Well, their little differences were forgotten when the two ladies were apart. The sisters wrote to each other prodigious long letters, in which household affairs, the children's puerile diseases, the relative prices of veal, eggs, chickens, the rent of lodging and houses in various places, were fully discussed. And as Mrs. Baynes showed a surprising knowledge of Tours, the markets, rents, clergymen, society there, and as Major and Mrs. Mac. were staying there, I have little doubt, for my part, from this and another not unimportant circumstance, that it was to that fair city our fugitives were wending their way, when events occurred which must now be narrated, and which caused General Baynes at the head of his domestic regiment to do what the King of France with twenty thousand men is said to have done in old times.

Philip was greatly interested about the family. The truth is, we were all very much bored at Boulogne. We read the feeblest London papers at the reading-room with frantic assiduity. We saw all the boats come in: and the day was lost when we missed the Folkestone boat or

the London boat. We consumed much time and absinthe at cafés; and tramped leagues upon that old pier every day. Well, Philip was at the Hôtel des Bains at a very early hour next morning, and there he saw the general, with a woe-worn face, leaning on his stick, and looking at his luggage, as it lay piled in the porte-cochère of the hotel. There they lay, thirty-seven packages in all, including washing-tubs, and a child's India sleeping-cot; and all these packages were ticketed M. LE GÉNÉRAL BAYNES, OFFICIER ANGLAIS, TOURS, TOURAINE, FRANCE. I say, putting two and two together; calling to mind Mrs. General's singular knowledge of Tours and familiarity with the place and its prices; remembering that her sister Emily—Mrs. Major MacWhirter, in fact—was there; and seeing thirty-seven trunks, bags and portmanteaus, all directed "M. le Général Baynes, Officier Anglais, Tours, Touraine," am I wrong in supposing that Tours was the general's destination? On the other hand, we have the old officer's declaration to Philip that he did not know where he was going. Oh, you sly old man! Oh, you grey old fox, beginning to double and to turn at sixty-seven years of age! Well? The general was in retreat, and he did not wish the enemy to know upon what lines he was retreating. What is the harm of that, pray? Besides, he was under the orders of his commanding officer, and when Mrs. General gave her orders, I should have liked to see any officer of hers disobey.

"What a pyramid of portmanteaus! You are not thinking of moving to-day, general?" says Philip.

"It is Sunday, sir," says the general; which you will perceive was not answering the question; but, in truth, except for a very great emergency, the good general would not travel on that day.

"I hope the ladies slept well after their windy voyage."

"Thank you. My wife is an old sailor, and has made two voyages out and home to India." Here, you understand, the old man is again eluding his interlocutor's artless queries.

"I should like to have some talk with you, sir, when you are free," continues Philip, not having leisure as yet to be surprised at the other's demeanour.

"There are other days besides Sunday for talk on business," says that piteous sly-boots of an old officer. Ah, conscience! conscience! Twenty-four Sikhs, sword in hand, two dozen Pindarries, Mahrattas, Ghoorkas, what you please—that old man felt that he would rather have met them than Philip's unsuspecting blue eyes. These, however, now lighted up with rather an angry, "Well, sir, as you don't talk business on Sunday, may I call on you to-morrow morning."

And what advantage had the poor old fellow got by all this doubling and hesitating and artfulness?—a respite until to-morrow morning! Another night of horrible wakefulness and hopeless guilt, and Philip waiting ready the next morning with his little bill, and "Please pay me the thirty thousand which my father spent and you owe me. Please turn

out into the streets with your wife and family, and beg and starve. Have the goodness to hand me out your last rupee. Be kind enough to sell your children's clothes and your wife's jewels, and hand over the proceeds to me. I'll call to-morrow. Bye, bye."

Here there came tripping over the marble pavement of the hall of the hotel a tall young lady in a brown silk dress and rich curling ringlets falling upon her fair young neck—beautiful brown curling ringlets, *vous comprenez*, not wisps of moistened hair, and a broad clear forehead, and two honest eyes shining below it, and cheeks not pale as they were yesterday; and lips redder still; and she says, "Papa, papa, won't you come to breakfast? The tea is ——" What the precise state of the tea is I don't know—none of us ever shall—for here she says, "Oh, Mr. Firmin!" and makes a curtsy.

To which remark Philip replied, "Miss Baynes, I hope you are very well this morning, and not the worse for yesterday's rough weather."

"I am quite well, thank you," was Miss Baynes' instant reply. The answer was not witty, to be sure; but I don't know that under the circumstances she could have said anything more appropriate. Indeed, never was a pleasanter picture of health and good-humour than the young lady presented: a difference more pleasant to note than Miss Charlotte's face pale from the steamboat on Saturday, and shining, rosy, happy, and innocent in the cloudless Sabbath morn.

---

"A Madame,

"Madame le Major MacWhirter,

"à Tours,

"Touraine,

"France.

"*Tintelleries, Boulogne sur-Mer,*

"DEAREST EMILY,

"*Wednesday, August 24, 18—.*

"AFTER suffering *more dreadfully* in the *two hours'* passage from Folkestone to this place than I have in four passages out and home from India, except in that terrible storm off the Cape, in September, 1824, when I certainly did suffer most cruelly on board that horrible troopship, we reached this place last Saturday evening, having a *full determination* to proceed immediately on our route. *Now*, you will perceive that our minds are changed. We found this place pleasant, and the lodgings besides most neat, comfortable, and well found in everything, *more reasonable* than you proposed to get for us at Tours, which I am told also is damp, and might bring on the general's *jungle fever* again. Owing to the hooping-cough having just been in the house, which, praised be mercy, all my dear ones have had it, including dear baby, who is quite well through it, and recommended sea air, we got this house *more reasonable* than prices you mention at Tours. A whole house: little room for two boys; nursery; nice little room for Charlotte, and a *den for the general*. I don't know how *ever* we should have brought our party safe all the way to



Tours. *Thirty-seven* articles of luggage, and Miss Flixby, who announced herself as perfect French governess, acquired at Paris—perfect, *but perfectly useless*. She can't understand the French people when they speak to her, and goes about the house *in a most bewildering way*. *I am the interpreter*; poor Charlotte is much too timid to speak when I am by. I have rubbed up the old French which we learned at Chiswick at Miss Pinkerton's; and I find *my Hindostanee* of great help: which I use it when we are at a loss for a word, and it answers *extremely well*. We pay for lodgings, the whole house — francs per month. Butchers' meat and poultry plentiful but dear. A grocer in the Grande Rue sell excellent wine at fifteenpence per bottle; and groceries pretty much at English prices. Mr. Blowman at the English chapel of the Tintelleries has a fine voice, and appears to be *a most excellent clergyman*. I have heard him only once, however, on Sunday evening, when I was so agitated and so *unhappy in my mind* that I own I took little note of his sermon.

"The cause of that agitation *you know*, having imparted it to you in my letters of July, June, and 24th of May, ult. My poor simple, guileless Baynes was trustee to Mrs. Dr. Firmin, before she married that most unprincipled man. When we were at home last, and exchanged to the 120th from the 99th, my poor husband was inveigled by the horrid man into signing a paper which put the doctor in possession of *all his wife's property*; whereas Charles thought he was only signing a power of attorney, enabling him to receive his son's dividends. Dr. F., *after the most atrocious deceit, forgery, and criminality of every kind*, fled the country; and Hunt and Pegler, our solicitors, informed us that the general was answerable *for the wickedness of this miscreant*. He is *so weak* that he has been *many and many* times on the point of going to young Mr. F. and giving up *everything*. It was only by my prayers, by my *commands*, that I have been enabled to keep him quiet; and, indeed, Emily, the effort has *almost killed him*. Brandy repeatedly I was obliged to administer on *the dreadful night* of our arrival here.

"For the *first person* we met on landing was Mr. Philip Firmin, *with a pert friend* of his, Mr. Pendennis, whom I don't at all like, though his wife is an amiable person like Emma Fletcher of the Horse Artillery: not with Emma's *style*, however, but still amiable, and disposed to be most civil. Charlotte has taken a great fancy to her, as she always does to every new person. Well, fancy our state on landing, when a young gentleman calls out, 'How do you do, general?' and turns out to be Mr. Firmin! I thought I should have lost Charles in the night. I have seen him before going into action as calm, and sleep and smile as sweet, as *any babe*. It was all I could do to keep up his courage: and, but for me, but for my prayers, but for *my agonies*, I think he would have jumped out of bed, and gone to Mr. F. *that night*, and said, 'Take everything I have.'

"The young man I own has behaved in *the most honourable way*. He came to see us *before breakfast* on Sunday, when the poor general was

so ill that I thought he would have *fainted over his tea*. He was too ill to go to church, where I went alone, with my dear ones, having, as I own; but very small comfort in the sermon: but oh, Emily, fancy, on our return, when I went into our room, I found my general on his knees with his Church service before him, crying, crying like a baby! You know I am hasty in my temper sometimes, and his is *indeed an angel's*—and I said to him, 'Charles Baynes, be a man, and don't cry like a child!' 'Ah,' says he, 'Eliza, do *you* kneel, and thank God too;' on which I said that I thought I did not require instruction *in my religion* from him or any man, except a clergyman, and many of these are *but poor instructors, as you know*.

"He has been here," says Charles; when I said, 'Who has been here?' 'That noble young fellow,' says my general; 'that noble, noble Philip Firmin.' Which noble his conduct I own it has been. 'Whilst you were at church he came again—here into this very room, where I was sitting, doubting and despairing, with the Holy Book before my eyes, and no comfort out of it. And he said to me, "General, I want to talk to you about my grandfather's will. You don't suppose that because my father has deceived you and ruined me, I will carry the ruin farther, and visit his wrong upon children and innocent people?" Those were the young man's words,' my general said; and, 'oh, Eliza!' says he, 'what pangs of remorse I felt when I remembered we had used hard words about him,' which I own we had, for his manners are rough and haughty, and I *have heard things* of him which I do believe now can't be true.

"All Monday my poor man was obliged to keep his bed with a smart attack of his fever. But yesterday he was quite bright *and well again*, and the Pendennis party took Charlotte for a drive, and showed themselves *most polite*. She reminds me of Mrs. Tom Fletcher of the Horse Artillery, but that I think I have mentioned before. My paper is full; and with our best to MacWhirter and the children, I am always my dearest Emily's affectionate sister,

"ELIZA BAYNES."





## The Study of History.

---

### II.

IN an Article published in this Magazine last month, an attempt was made to show on general grounds the groundlessness of the fears entertained by many persons that morality might be injured if a science of history were constructed. Such speculations must always wear a somewhat abstract character, however solid the inferences drawn from them may be. The conclusions to which they point are strikingly confirmed, and may, perhaps, be more easily accepted when the subject is set in another light. If we wish to see what would be the relation of a science of history to morality, we are not confined to speculation on the subject. Two branches of knowledge relating to human action have been thrown into what may not improperly be called a scientific shape, so that their result on the freedom and morality of the classes of actions to which they relate can be tested by direct observation; and though the study of history cannot be said as yet to have been reduced to the shape of a science, sufficient progress towards such a result has been already made to enable us to form an accurate judgment as to the shape which the future science, if it is ever constructed, may be expected to assume, and the degree of influence which it will exercise.

The alarm excited on the subject is, no doubt, due principally to the general want of distinct notions which prevails even amongst educated people as to the nature and limits of scientific certainty. An attempt was made in the former article to show that, even in the case of the most exact sciences, this certainty is both negative and hypothetical: negative, in leaving out of consideration whatever is not proved to exist; hypothetical, amongst other things, as to the permanence of the conclusions at which it arrives. In applied mathematics, these limitations are not sensibly felt. The scale of the operations to which they relate is so vast, and the principles which they establish are so plain and wide, that they impress the imagination with a notion in reality altogether unfounded, that they form collectively an exhaustive system of eternal unqualified truth. In reality, we never can be sure that our knowledge even on these points is complete, and still less that the truths which we have reached are permanent. All that we can say is, that for all practical purposes we must neglect the possibility that our knowledge is limited, or that its discoveries are transient, because we have no evidence to the contrary. When, however, scientific processes are applied to more complicated subjects, the real nature of scientific certainty makes itself felt; and the fact that science is not a self-existing, overruling power, but a mere classification devised to enable the minds which conceive it to understand the phenomena to which it applies, assumes greater prominence.

This is especially the case in the only branches of knowledge relating to human actions which can be called sciences even by courtesy. The form which they always assume may be thus expressed: "If men wish for such and such objects, they must act in such and such a manner." "If society is constituted upon such and such principles, individuals or associations will have such and such powers." Whether men will have such wishes, with what degree of energy they will try to attain them, whether or no it will be wise for them to try to attain them at the expense of particular consequences, and the like, are separate questions, which must be separately considered if anything like system and clearness is to be aimed at in the study of human affairs.

It is this necessity for dividing subjects into their different branches which gives scientific inquiries their specific character, and which makes their adaptation to human affairs unpopular. People in general are so little accustomed to think over their conduct in an exhaustive manner that when they see a subject treated exclusively on one principle before any other is applied to it, they are almost always led to believe that those who do so mean to deny that it ought to be considered with reference to any other. Nothing, for example, is so common as to hear political economists charged with coldness and selfishness, and casuists or lawyers with immorality; charges which are usually as well and as ill founded as the charge that the officers of the Census, who only count the number of the people, are indifferent to every other consideration about them except their number.

Of the studies in question, statistics is undoubtedly the simplest, and is also the most impressive, to ordinary observers. Few things can affect the imagination more powerfully than to be told that there is a science by which men are enabled to predict within exceedingly narrow limits how many persons will misdirect their letters on a given day; how many errors an honest clerk will make in a complicated account; how many murders will be committed in the course of the year, and what proportion of the murderers will use poison, daggers, or fire-arms. Illustrations of the strange results which statistical inquiry produces are so numerous and so well known, that it is needless to detail them. The really important thing is to ascertain what the power of making such predictions proves as to the freedom and morality of human conduct.

Reasons were given in our last month's article for the opinion that regularity and freedom of action were so far from being inconsistent, that there is ground to believe that all conduct is regular, and might be predicted by an omniscient observer, though there is conclusive evidence of the fact that all human actions properly so called are not only voluntary but also free. Statistics, when closely examined, will be found not to prove, though of course they are consistent with, even this abstract regularity—the possibility, that is, that an omniscient observer might predict every act of every individual. They are the science not of omniscient, but of ignorant and limited observers; and they are based, though it may appear

paradoxical to say so, on the hypothesis that it is impossible for those who collect them to predict how any individual will act under given circumstances. They calculate the general result of human actions as if each action, separately considered, were incapable of being predicted; and if it were incapable of being predicted even by omniscience, that is, if human action were free even in that false sense of the word which makes irregularity essential to freedom, statistics would be just as true as they are now.

In asserting the freedom of human conduct, no one ever meant more than this—that if circumstances present an alternative to a man, he has it in his power to choose either branch of it, and that he himself determines which branch he will choose; for example, if he is at a place where four roads meet, he can take either of them, or stand still where he is. Suppose, then, that a number of men were absolutely free to choose either of two balls out of a bag, but were obliged to take one of them. They might take either, and an observer who knew nothing whatever of what was passing in their minds would say that it was an even chance which of the two each man would take; in other words, that his (the observer's) mind had no reason to suppose that he would take one rather than the other. If, however, he observed them making their choice on ten thousand successive occasions, and found that on nine thousand occasions the black, and on one thousand the white, ball was chosen, any one would lay or take nine to one that the black ball would be chosen on any given occasion. Yet, by the supposition each man is free to take which he pleases, and it is impossible for any one, even if omniscient, to foretell which he will take. This simple illustration contains the essential principle of all statistics. However complicated they may be, and however great may be the confidence with which their conclusions are relied on, they prove nothing whatever as to the causes of human action. They are simply a numerical expression of the state of the observer's expectations. Two familiar cases illustrate this to perfection—betting on a race, and speculating for a rise or fall on the Stock Exchange. A horse's chance of winning the Derby is not improved in the least degree by his becoming the favourite. He becomes the favourite because his backers think his chance is improved. War or revolution are not more imminent because capitalists speculate for a fall. They speculate for a fall because they believe war or revolution to be imminent. It is the neglect of these simple truths which leads so many persons to substitute the effect for the cause, and to suppose that science proves that both nature and man are enslaved.

There is, however, another and a more subtle way of advancing the same doctrine which requires examination. It is said, it is true, that statistical calculations are in themselves nothing more than a numerical expression of the state of expectation in the mind which devises them; but the correspondence, found by experience to exist between human actions and the predictions of statistics, proves something more. It proves that the same causes in human affairs always produce the same effects,

and thus that a regular succession of cause and effect prevails in regard to human conduct as well as in regard to material objects. Taking particular illustrations, they would say, you throw a die, and say it is five to one that it will not come up a six. You predict that, if you were to throw it 600 times, six would come up about 100 times. If you make the experiment you will find that this prediction is roughly true, and the greater the number of cases to which the test is applied, the less will be the divergence between the result and the calculation. This experience is entirely independent of the calculation, and its soundness is proved by the experience of gaming-houses and insurance offices. Fair play being presumed, and there being no reason to suppose that any one combination of the cards will present itself rather than any other, the chances are about forty-one to forty in favour of the keeper of the rouge-et-noir table against the players. This is, no doubt, nothing more than a numerical expression of the ignorance of arithmeticians. Experience, however, shows that the keeper of a rouge-et-noir table makes his fortune in about the time in which, arithmetically speaking, he ought to make it; and does not this experience (it is urged) prove that the assumption of the calculator is true—namely, that the causes which determine the victory of red, black, or the table, recur with the amount of regularity which, for the purposes of his calculation, he assigned to them? In a word, is not the assumption that there is an invariable connection between cause and effect, the ground of the whole calculation, and does not the correspondence between the calculation and the actual result prove the truth of the ground on which the calculation proceeds? If this is true (the argument proceeds) with regard to inanimate things, like cards or dice, why is it false as regards human beings? Does not the correspondence of the actual with the calculated number of murderers prove that the same causes produce the same effects in human life, as the correspondence of the actual with the calculated number of winnings at hazard or rouge-et-noir proves the same with regard to dice and cards?

No one who considers the matter impartially can deny the soundness of the first part of this argument. No doubt the calculation is one thing, and the correspondence between the calculation and the facts another; and it must be admitted that, whatever statistics prove with reference to inanimate objects, they prove with reference to human actions. For example, the proportion of letters misdirected to letters sent is just about as capable of being predicted as the proportion of cases in which dice or cards will present particular results. What, then, does the correspondence between the calculation and the result prove in reference to the dice? Whatever else it proves, it has no tendency to prove anything hostile to freedom; for causation means no more than uniform precedence and sequence, and is proved by experience. Freedom means possession of the power of alternative action, and is proved by consciousness. An action, therefore, may be at once the subject of causation and perfectly

free. A man blows his nose *because* he has certain sensations in that organ; but the causes, positive and negative, of his act, namely, the presence of a pocket-handkerchief, his hand being disengaged, the absence of reasons to the contrary, &c., do not in any way interfere with his perfect freedom. He has the power to do it or not, and he does it.

The argument, however, does not prove that human actions are caused. It proves only the soundness of the assumption on which statistical or arithmetical calculation rests. This assumption is that, where an observer is certain that one of a certain number of events will happen, and has no reason to believe that any one of them will happen rather than any other, he is entitled to affix to his expectation that any one of them will happen a numerical value equal to the proportion between the favourable and unfavourable cases. He may say, that is, that if he knows nothing whatever of a die, except that it is an exact cube, it would be prudent to lay five to one against any particular number presenting itself. Antecedently to experience this would be a mere conjecture—obvious and natural, no doubt, but still altogether uncertified, and all that experience does is to confirm and warrant it.

In much the same way most people would probably guess, independently of experience, that much the same number of people would misdirect their letters in one year as in another. Experience shows that this guess is right, but it shows absolutely nothing more. It does not prove, or tend to prove, the invariable connection between cause and effect. It merely registers the effects, leaving the causes on one side. If men had no other grounds for believing in the connection of cause and effect than those which they get from statistics, they would never arrive at such a belief at all; for the characteristic of statistics is that they are concerned with effects exclusively. Whether a letter is misdirected through perversity, carelessness, or ignorance, is nothing to the statistician. It is not even essential to his conclusions that given a man of a certain temperament, in a certain frame of mind, a misdirected letter may infallibly be expected. All that he says is, so many letters will be misdirected in such a time. His investigations have no tendency to prove that any combination of circumstances deprives any class of persons of the power of directing their letters as they choose; and they, therefore, prove nothing to the purpose of those who wish to derive from statistics conclusions inconsistent with the freedom of human conduct—even if conduct which is caused were not free, which is not the case.

That statistics have nothing to do with causation is proved by an examination of the extent of the coincidence between calculation and experience. The experience justifies nothing more than an average expectation. It is the grossest, as it is one of the commonest of errors, to suppose that it justifies a specific one. At any gaming-table people may be seen with cards and pins, marking down the results of successive deals of the cards, and they are almost always under the delusion that, if there has been, as they say, a run upon the black or the red, that fact supplies a reason for

laying either for or against the colour so favoured. If the calculation about the odds proceeded upon any theory as to the reasons why particular combinations of cards present themselves, there would be some excuse for this proceeding; but as the calculation is no more than a numerical expression for the degree of ignorance in which the observer is placed, the process is a mere absurdity; for the old problem is re-stated in precisely the same terms at each successive deal, and the chance (that is, the proportion of the number of possible favourable cases to possible unfavourable cases) is always exactly the same.

The fears which statistics excite as to the possible consequences to morality of the establishment of a science of history can hardly be felt by any one who is but to some extent accustomed to abstract speculation. Political economy stands on a different footing, and, at first sight, presents much more the appearance of a system of laws in the proper sense of the word—namely, rules coercing the conduct of individuals by the infliction of penalties. No one, for example, can have followed the discussions which have lately been so frequent about strikes, without seeing how deeply this view of the subject has affected many minds. Closer examination, however, proves the fallacy of this. The fundamental hypothesis upon which all political economy proceeds is, that men have an unqualified dominion over their own property, and it shows what are the powers which, under various circumstances, are conferred by this unqualified dominion. The workman can withhold his skill and labour; the employer can let his capital lie idle. Political economy shows what will happen if either chooses to use the powers he possesses; but this is all that it shows. It leaves every one free to use his powers exactly as he thinks fit. It is just like the case of law proper. A man holds another person's acceptance. The law tells him that he can sue upon it in such a manner, and that, having recovered judgment, he can take his debtor's body, goods, or land in execution for the debt and costs; but, as to the propriety of doing so, it gives him absolutely no advice at all. It would be a contradiction in terms to assert that the powers thus conferred by the law in any way restrained the freedom of the person who receives them. On the contrary, they actually create the power in the use of which that freedom consists. It is nearly the same with political economy. It does not, indeed, create any powers at all; but it ascertains their nature and extent, and acquaints people with their existence. It gives men a view of the relations in which they are placed, in regard to all matters of trade and the like, by the operation of the institution of private property protected by law; but it does not even affect to give a complete theory of human life, and it is as absurd to suppose that it puts any compulsion on men's acts, as to suppose that medical science deprives men of their freedom because a doctor tells a man that a particular diet will injure his health.

There are, no doubt, several classes of actions which are usually said to be "governed by economical laws," and which recur with a degree of



regularity which forcibly affects the imagination of many observers, and may lead them to believe that the agents who perform them are submitting to some overruling decree. Such are the rise and fall of prices, the fluctuations of stocks and shares, rates of exchange, and other matters of the same kind ; but all these cases may be explained on the principle stated in the preceding article, that it is a question of experience whether free conduct is regular or not, and that experience shows that when a man has an opportunity of doing what he is anxious to do he will do it. Now, a man who is going to buy or sell, especially if he is going to buy or sell something which has no individual character, as, for example, a thousand pounds' worth of stock, a cargo of oil or linseed (which he probably sells again without ever seeing it), or a bill on Paris or Amsterdam, has no other object in view but his own profit ; and an observer may, therefore, predict with absolute confidence that he will give the lowest and get the highest price for what he wants to buy or has to sell that he possibly can. That is to say, every party to every one of the transactions which collectively make up a fluctuation in prices will use all the powers he has for his own money benefit. As these powers depend upon circumstances which may be ascertained to a great extent beforehand, the aggregate result of exerting them may be predicted with considerable accuracy. This, however, is not because the persons concerned are not free, but because they are free and use their freedom for their own advantage.

It results from all this that neither statistics nor political economy, though each has fair claims to be described as a science, and though each relates to human conduct, affords any evidence whatever against its freedom and morality, or imposes any other restraint on the actions of any human creature than a map or a railway time-table imposes on a traveller. The utmost that can be said of either is, that it discloses the limits which the nature of things imposes upon human activity. The map informs those who consult it that if they want to go by land from France to Italy they must cross the Alps. Statistics inform a man about to direct a letter of the degree in which an ignorant observer would expect him to misdirect it. Political economy gives a capitalist or a labourer the same sort of information as to their respective powers as against each other as a law book would give to a litigant ; but the traveller, the correspondent, the capitalist, and the litigant use their own judgment, act precisely as they please, and are even more responsible for their conduct, both morally and legally, than if they had had no maps, no statistics, no books about law or political economy to consult for their respective purposes.

If, then, morality and freedom are rather assisted than injured by statistics and political economy, why should they be injured by a science of history, supposing such a science were ever formed ? The arguments already advanced show that the apprehension is idle, but such apprehensions arise rather from the imagination and from detached and

partial views of particular consequences supposed to be involved in the establishment of such a science than from rational conviction. It may, therefore, be desirable to inquire shortly what a science of history would be like if such a science should ever exist?

In the first place it may be confidently asserted that such a science, when it had attained an authentic form and a recognized position, would be free from the offensive and pedantic phrases by which those who expect do so much to retard its advent. We should hear less than at present of statical and dynamical sociology, the metaphysical stage of thought, the eternal laws which govern human conduct, and other phrases which, generally speaking, are either barbarous adaptations of bad French or incorrect mathematical metaphors. We should not be asked to believe that every crotchet which tickled the insane vanity of a conceited Frenchman was an eternal and self-evident truth, as, for example, that it is an everlasting law of nature that there either is, must, or ought to be, a thing called the Western European Republic, of which the French are the natural presidents. We should not see historians like Mr. Grote and Dean Milman blamed for writing like scholars and men of the world, instead of adopting an unbaptized jargon which excites sympathy for the cynical critic who summed up his impressions of a well-known book in the observation that he never heard of an eternal truth without thinking of an infernal lie.

If the science of history were like any other science, and especially any science relating to human affairs, it would consist of a set of maxims lying at such a distance from practical life that their relation to it would hardly be felt. Whoever wishes to realize this, should try to connect in his own mind the rule which lies at the bottom of all mechanics—that the force of gravity varies inversely as the square of the distance—with the different facts which it enables us to explain, the flight of a bullet, the fall of a drop of rain, the effects produced by muscular efforts, and a thousand other matters which to ordinary observation have nothing whatever to do with it. Historical science would, in the same way, have no assignable relation to any particular state of facts. It would form a mere skeleton, giving nothing but hypothetical conclusions, and always leaving unclassified a vast mass of circumstances which the historical philosopher would be able to consider in no other light than that of disturbing causes.

This is completely illustrated by the case of political economy. Its statements are perfectly true as far as they go, but they go only thus far: "If all men pursue their own money interests to the utmost in a particular case, and if the law protects them from external interference in doing so, such and such results will follow; for the powers implied by absolute dominion over private property are so and so, and by the supposition they will be exerted to the utmost." Now these suppositions are never quite true in fact. They are often very far from the truth; and when that happens, the facts do not correspond with the calculation,



though the calculation is still of great use, because it enables observers to measure, and so to commence the explanation of the disagreement. A good instance of this is supplied by the well-known theory of rent invented by Ricardo. "Rent," he said, "is that portion of the produce of the earth which is paid to the landlord for the use of the original and indestructible powers of the soil." That is, it is the consideration paid to the landlord by the tenant for leave to cultivate any land which is more fertile than that which at a given time and place will return to the cultivator that amount of profit which he could obtain in other callings from the capital and labour which he invests in cultivation. The amount of rent will thus be equal to the difference between the value of the yield of the land rented and that of the land just worth cultivating. This theory is perfectly true, and would coincide with facts if a country could be found where the taking and letting of land was determined exclusively by mercantile considerations, and where landlords and tenants alike were fully aware of their powers, and thoroughly determined to exert them for their own interest, and if payment for the use of the powers of the soil, payment for the use of fixed capital annexed to it, and payment for various other matters which are usually included under the single name of rent, were separately made. In practice, this is not so. Rent means, according to the common use of words, whatever the tenant pays to the landlord, and includes in practice payment for many other things besides the powers of the soil. The amount of this gross payment is affected by the special circumstances of every different country. In England land is constantly underlet for the sake of maintaining local connection and political influence. In Ireland the landlords were deterred from exercising their legal rights by the fear of assassination. In India, to say nothing of the ignorance of the people, the rent paid by the ryots is virtually tribute, and is not determined, perhaps it is but slightly affected, by commercial principles. All this, however, does not in the least degree diminish the value of the general rule. It always will supply one fixed point in the mass of shifting and apparently inconsistent facts connected with the subject, by the help of which they may gradually be classified and may always be compared. It would, for example, enable a tenant to appreciate the amount of the sacrifice which his landlord made in allowing him to have a farm at a cheap rate; it would inform the landlord what price he was paying for the votes of his tenant farmers; and it would be a most material assistance to the Indian Government in the whole course of their policy towards the village communities, as it would show them the relation between the value of a tribute rent and a commercial rent.

This is precisely the sort of result which, if we ever get a science of history, we may expect to derive from it. The whole subject is at present in an inchoate state; and those who profess to know most about it, employ more energy in boasting of the great results which they are to achieve, than in taking steps to achieve them. Here and there, however, a few

observations have been made which contain at any rate a sufficient amount of truth to show what sort of doctrine historical science would establish, and in what sort of relation it would stand to morality. Thus, for example, Mr. Merivale says, "The annals of the Roman people afford a conspicuous illustration of the natural laws which seem to control the rise and progress of nations. The almost uninterrupted succession of their triumphs, the enormous extent of the dominion they acquired, and the completeness of the cycle through which they passed from infancy to decay, combine to present them to us as the normal type of a conquering race. One principle seems to be established by their history. It is the condition of permanent dominion that the conquerors should absorb the conquered gradually into their own body, by extending, as circumstances arise, a share in their own exclusive privileges to the masses from whom they have torn their original independence." This is a fair specimen of the sort of doctrines of which a science of history would consist. How can it be said even to tend to fetter the freedom or to injure the morals of politicians? It simply gives a short general inference from a number of the most remarkable passages in the history of Rome. Mr. Merivale, verbally complying, no doubt, with the habit already commented on, has described this inference as "a natural law controlling the rise and progress of nations;" but he immediately afterwards speaks both more correctly and more naturally when he calls it a principle, showing the conditions under which permanent dominion is possible. It is obvious that, so far from being immoral, such principles may be of the greatest service to morality. In the management of Indian affairs, for example, it would be extremely desirable to bear in mind the principle laid down by Mr. Merivale. It would leave open every consideration which can now weigh with statesmen, and leave unimpaired every power which they at present possess. It would not force them to desire permanent dominion, or to attempt to associate the natives in the task of government, or to be on their guard against exclusiveness. It would contribute something towards the consistency of their policy, and would tend in some degree to indicate the objects towards which it might be directed; but all that could be done by any number of principles of the kind would be to carry these processes a few steps further.

This is certainly not the impression which is conveyed by reading the books of those who, in the present day, proclaim most loudly the approach of the science of history; but this is only because they overstate their case. The "eternal laws" which they claim to have discovered appear, upon examination, to be no more than maxims generically similar to the one quoted from Mr. Merivale, but thrown into startling shapes, and, generally speaking, smothered in metaphors and rhetoric. The most famous of them is, perhaps, Comte's theory that human thought must of necessity pass through three stages—the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive; upon which last we are now just entering. This progress, it is further asserted, exists as well in individuals as in societies: in boyhood

we are theologians, in youth metaphysicians, and positivists in maturity. It would be impossible in this place even to glance at the observations which occur upon every part of this theory, and especially upon the terms in which it is expressed; but passing over all these, and assuming that it contains (as no doubt it does) a considerable degree of truth, what sort of truth does it contain? It is neither more nor less than the assertion of a fact—an assertion which may be true or false, but which is nothing more than an assertion. There is considerable difficulty in understanding precisely what the second and third clauses of the assertion mean. What are the precise states of mind to which they refer; whether they—or, indeed, any of the three—are distinct from or inconsistent with each other; are questions on which much might be said. The first of the three, which is the simplest, is also the one which gives most offence. It is often treated as if it were equivalent to the assertion that religion is no more than a delusion fit for savages or children. It is unnecessary here to say anything of Comte's personal religious opinions; but, whatever they may have been, it is clear that his doctrine about the different stages of thought is altogether independent of any conclusion hostile to religion, and is perfectly consistent with any form whatever of religious belief. That children are very apt to personify everything they see is an unquestionable truth; that states of society have existed in many parts of the world in which grown-up men personified the powers of nature in a very similar manner, appears highly probable; but between these premisses and the conclusion in question, there is an enormous gulf. It is as impossible to draw inferences as to the truth of opinions from the order in which they succeed each other as to discover the distance from one o'clock to London Bridge. The supposed antagonism between Comte's theory and religion, thrown into an argumentative shape, comes to this: negroes on the Gold Coast worship an image made out of fish-bones; therefore, there is no God. It is true that an attempt is sometimes made, and often dreaded, to fill up the interval between the premiss and the conclusion by asserting that the belief in a God grew by a number of successive steps out of the belief in fetishes; but even if this could be done, it would make no sort of difference. The question, How did I come to think that A. B. committed murder? is one thing; the question, Did A. B. commit murder? is quite another; and the attempt to establish A. B.'s innocence by accounting for the impression of his guilt would be absurd, unless it were possible to go on to show that the impression itself was unreasonable. If it were possible to make out a catena of religious beliefs from the fetish worshipper to the Christian, the question would still remain, whether all were under analogous delusions, or whether the fetish worshipper had been dimly groping after a truth which the Christian believed on reasonable grounds; and to the decision of this question the history of religious belief would have only an indirect and casual relation.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the misunderstandings which prevail on the subject of the results of a science of history is that which relates

to its bearing on individuals. Those who do not believe in the future science almost always rely mainly on the impossibility of predicting the character of particular men and the effects which they will produce on the fortunes of the human race. This is almost always answered by the assertion that individual character has little to do with history, that history has hitherto been written on a false assumption in this particular, and that one of the first results of the new science will be to reduce Alexander, Cæsar, Mahomet, Luther, and Washington to their proper places, and to show that they were no more than the mouthpieces of their generation—men who expressed views and feelings which without them would have found equally able exponents. There is no one point in the whole controversy in which the new school of scientific historians trample on the feelings of mankind with such satisfaction as on this. Few things in their way are more irritating than the air of calm superiority with which they try to persuade their readers that misbegotten phrases about the western evolution (for modern history) are more important to mankind than the biographies contained in the four gospels.

The most eminent professor of the science might have taught them a better lesson. His appreciation of his own importance to the human race must satisfy the widest demands of the opposite school. With a calm self-appreciation equally characteristic of his creed and his nation, Comte made himself the centre and incarnation of all philosophy. "Hume," he said, "is my principal precursor in philosophy, but with Hume I connect Kant as an accessory." Bacon, Descartes and Leibnitz, Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, and Dante "place me in direct subordination to the incomparable Aristotle;" but this heir of all the ages was not content even with this distinction. His triumph was not complete till he had fallen in love with another man's wife. "Through her" (Madame Clotilde de Vaux) "I have at length become for humanity in the strictest sense a twofold organ, as may any one who has reaped the full advantage of woman's influence. My career had been that of Aristotle, I should have wanted energy for that of St. Paul, but for her." The least positive philosopher would hardly assert more of any one person than that all preceding greatness led up to him, that he first "extracted sound philosophy from real science," and that by the help of a connection which Sir Cresswell Cresswell might have been bigoted enough to view with suspicion, notwithstanding its "perfect purity, which circumstances made exceptional," he "was enabled to found on the basis of that philosophy the universal religion." It can hardly be contended that if there had been no Comte, some one else would have done as well; for the most positive philosopher will hardly be bold enough to assert that two human beings could have been found capable of expressing such sentiments or inventing such a system.

The individual follies of a single man and the faults of style of his admirers, however characteristic, are, of course, of no weight in a grave and complicated question, and there can be little doubt that the assertion

on the one side and the denial on the other of the historical importance of individuals, is one of the most interesting parts of the whole discussion. The question how far individuals do in fact influence the course of history is one of fact, and can be decided only by reference to history itself. Self-evident as this may appear, it is frequently overlooked, for in the discussion of the subject nothing is more common than the assumption that what did happen must have happened, and that all the means necessary to its happening must have been forthcoming. It is often said, for example, that if Mahomet had never lived, some other Mahomet would have done his work; but the only evidence given of this is that the work was so great that no one man can have done it. This is obviously no answer to the argument that as great things are in fact done by individuals, and as the conduct or existence of such individuals cannot be foretold, the effects which they produce cannot be foretold. It is, in fact, a *petitio principii*. The issue is, whether the establishment of Mahometanism could have been predicted. The evidence that it could not is, that it was established by Mahomet, and that Mahomet could not have been predicted. The argument that it could is, in effect, that it was not established by Mahomet; because if there had been no Mahomet, there would have been some one else of the same kind, and the proof of this is that the effects produced by Mahometanism were certain to happen, *i. e.* could have been foretold, but this is the point at issue.

The only legitimate arguments upon the subject are those which appeal directly to facts. It is perfectly fair to say, Mahomet did not make Mahometanism, for such and such circumstances, with which he had nothing to do, predisposed men's minds to that belief. Julius Cæsar did not establish the Roman empire, for his assassination made very little difference in its establishment; Charlemagne's institutions were permanent in those cases only in which he appreciated the wants of the times; the French Revolution could not have been averted by any firmness on the part of Louis XVI.; nor did Napoleon's dynasty depend on the issue of the battle of Waterloo. These and other assertions of the same sort admit of being discussed without the necessity of disproving the contingent possibility that other persons would have been forthcoming if those mentioned had never existed.

The fair inference from most of these illustrations would seem to be that the importance of individuals, though capable of being overrated, is still immensely great. If Napoleon Bonaparte and Louis XVI. had changed places, there might still have been a French Revolution, but it would have been comparatively bloodless. No one can doubt for a moment that the Roman republic would have subsided into a military despotism if Julius Cæsar had never lived; but is it at all clear that in that case Gaul would ever have formed a province of the empire? Might not Varus have lost his three legions on the banks of the Rhone? and might not that river have become the frontier instead of the Rhine? This might well have happened if Cæsar and Crassus had changed provinces; and it is surely

impossible to say that in such an event the venue (as lawyers say) of European civilization might not have been changed. The Norman conquest, in the same way, was as much the act of a single man as the writing of a newspaper article; and knowing, as we do, the history of that man and his family, we can retrospectively predict, with all but infallible certainty, that no other person could have accomplished the enterprise. If it had not been accomplished, is there any ground to suppose that either our history or our national character would have been what they are?

It would thus appear that upon the question whether individuals produce great changes in history, and colour its whole complexion long after their death, those who disbelieve in the possibility of a science of history are right; but to infer from this that there never can be a science of history is altogether wrong. It proves, no doubt, that the professors of such a science will never be able to make specific predictions until they are able not only to predict how many children will be born, and what will be the natural capacity and advantages of each of them, but also to read the thoughts of individuals, and so to predict their actions and the consequences of those actions. But no sane man expects anything of the sort. If it were necessary to disprove the possibility of so wild a dream, it would be easy to do so. The facts of which a knowledge would be necessary for such investigations are transient, language is not competent to describe them, they leave no records behind, and the evidence as to their existence is to the last degree unsatisfactory. No one can give more than a guess at his own character or at the character of any other person. The word character is itself an incomplete metaphor taken from handwriting; and the evidence which establishes the proposition that a particular man is brave or energetic, or that he has a comprehensive understanding, is generally little more than conjectural, and is almost always consistent with a great variety of different, perhaps even of discordant, theories about him.

Thus the only historical science of the future existence of which there is any sort of evidence is a science which will authorize, not absolute, but conditional predictions; and even those conditional predictions will be founded on facts so ill-ascertained, so shifting, and so indefinite that the predictions will be little more than conjectures made on principle, instead of being made at random or from prejudice.

The best evidence in favour of this view of the future science of history is to be found in the books which have a claim to be considered as written on philosophical principles. M. Guizot, M. de Tocqueville, Mr. Grote, Dean Milman, and Mr. Merivale are surely entitled to be considered scientific historians. Any one who has read their books with attention must have perceived that even they were not large-minded enough to take in all the facts relevant to the questions which occupied their attention, and so to invest their predictions with anything approaching to the precision and completeness which are rendered



possible to astronomers by the simplicity of the facts which they study, and the precision of the language in which they can describe them. Great as is the genius of M. Guizot and M. de Tocqueville, it is impossible not to feel that the immediate future filled a somewhat disproportionate place in their speculations. They looked naturally and wisely at the broad features of the state of things before them, and foretold, generally with accuracy, the broad alternations which they presented; but their writings can scarcely fail to suggest to any one who is placed at a slightly different point of view, and belongs to a different generation, that the society which they observed was traversed by many influences of which they were hardly able to trace the direction or to measure the power, and which will, probably, in the course of time considerably modify the results which they predicted. Thus M. de Tocqueville's preface to his great work on America is an eloquent, and, as his memoirs sufficiently prove, a mournful prophecy of the universal triumph of democracy and equality. No candid person can doubt the wisdom or the truth of much of his doctrine; but no one can look upon the world in which we live without seeing that this truth has its limits, that men have other impulses and desires than those which tend to produce equality, and that these desires will find ways to gratify themselves.

The works of these great writers afford admirable illustrations of the limitations under which scientific history is possible. The most important of these is the indefiniteness of the terms which it is obliged to use. Let any one try to define "democracy" or "the equality of conditions" with a precision at all approaching to that with which a mathematician defines a parabola, and he will see that the difference between the conclusions at which the two classes of speculations will arrive, is as great as the difference between Dr. Livingstone's description of the appearance of the country which he explored and the ordnance survey of an English county. Each has its value; neither can be done well without qualities of the highest order; but the two things are intended for essentially different purposes.

The books in question are further valuable because they afford conclusive evidence of the absurdity of the notion that there is any opposition between scientific history and morality, or a belief in the existence and immense practical importance of differences of individual character and the exertion of individual free-will. It would be difficult to name any book which contains nobler lessons of morality or more striking illustrations of the enormous value of individual greatness and of the permanence of the effects which it produces than Mr. Grote's *History of Greece*. The great interest of the book—its distinctive character—is derived from the illustrations which it supplies of the reaction of institutions and national character on each other, and of the permanent importance of the achievements of great men. The way in which the freedom of Athens and the mobile, ingenious, sensitive character of the people modified each other; the spirit of fairness which the daily practice of the Athenians in the

assemblies and law courts infused into their political relations; and the readiness with which they recognized personal superiority, were some of the causes which in about three generations conducted them to the height of their greatness, notwithstanding the unprincipled cruelty into which they were capable of being betrayed. In about an equal period they declined to the condition of a subject people—a sort of university town, more illustrious than Oxford or Cambridge, but, politically speaking, hardly more influential. Mr. Grote's book ought, if the popular notion of scientific history is true, to show that this was a result which might have been predicted, which ought to have been acquiesced in, and which no human efforts could have altered. In fact, it shows nothing of the kind. It certainly explains how the facts came to happen, and what were the general causes which preceded their occurrence; but it also shows that something very different might have happened—unless, indeed, the fact that history will not run back and re-write itself in a different shape, in order to confute fatalists, is a proof of the truth of fatalism. A series of measures easily within the reach of Greek politicians—measures which they were free to adopt in exactly the same sense as that in which they were free to stand up or to sit still—might have altered the whole history of Greece, and so the whole history of Europe. Can any reader of Mr. Grote's work doubt that Alcibiades and Nicias inflicted deadly injuries on Athens; that Pericles, on the other hand, was a great and wise statesman; that the Athenians made a fatal mistake in allowing Philip to conquer Olynthus; or that the whole history of Sicily shows how a country might, under the circumstances which then existed there, be ruined by the selfishness, the wickedness, and the fundamental want of principle, which beset almost every Greek of pre-eminent personal capacity? In a word, does not the whole history present a series of alternatives, which, if wisely employed, might have made Greece a powerful, united, and free nation; and can we not trace at each step the results, for good or for evil, of personal individual free choice? Of course, Pericles could not by any efforts have made his countrymen adopt the habits of Tartars or negroes; he could not even have given them the institutions of Spartans or Thebans; no sensible person ever supposed that he could; but if, on some twenty or thirty occasions in the course of two centuries, a certain ascertainable number of persons had prevailed on the Athenians to have taken certain steps which it was entirely within their power to take, the whole history of Athens would have been altogether changed, though the general principles on which Mr. Grote explains the actual course of events would have been just as true as they are now. Historical science no more proves that history could have happened in no other way than architectural science proves that St. Paul's Cathedral could have been built on no other plan.

Science, in point of fact, is so far from being injurious either to morality or to freedom, that without some principles either being, or claiming to be, scientific, neither morals nor freedom would exist. Morals would not

exist, for every theory as to their nature sanctions and recognizes the necessity of discovering the relation between actions and their consequences. If there were no uniformity in human feeling and conduct, this would be impossible. Murder, considered as murder, would sometimes cause terror and pain, and sometimes not. Men would sometimes resent friendship; and kindness, as such, would occasionally produce hatred; nor would it be possible to say that these results were abnormal, or that they required explanation by recurring to other principles.

Freedom would not exist, or would be useless, for freedom means the power of choosing between two or more branches of an alternative, according to the wishes of the person who makes the choice; but scientific history in its own province, and other sciences in theirs, point out the nature of these alternatives and the consequences of adopting either branch of them. Without information on these points, a man could not be said to choose at all. The information which he possesses may be true or false, complete or imperfect, according to circumstances. A true science will give him true, and a false science false information. This does not affect his freedom, though it will certainly affect his wisdom; but if he does not know what he is doing, his conduct is an occurrence and not an action, and his responsibility is for ignorance and negligence, not for the thing which he has done. Circumstances are to conduct what friction is to motion. They at once restrain it and render it possible. If there were no friction, a man might send a stone fifty miles along a level road by a single kick, but he would not be able to kick it. It is the friction between his other foot and the ground which at present enables him to do so. If circumstances presented people with no alternatives, and everything were always possible to every one, men would not be free, because, being able to do opposite things at once, they would not choose. We say that a man is free to eat beef or mutton or not, who has the power of eating which he pleases or of abstaining from both or either; but if he were so constituted that he could both eat and not eat each or either, the word freedom would have no more application to him than the sense of smell has to colours.

---

## The Salmon and its Growth.

---

Of the two hundred and fifty-three different kinds of fish which inhabit the rivers and seas of Britain, the salmon is the one about which we know more than any other, and for these reasons:—It is of greater value as property; its large size better admits of observation than smaller members of the fish family; and lastly, in consequence of its migratory instinct, we have access to it at those seasons of its life when to observe its habits is the certain road to information. And yet, with all these advantages—or rather, in consequence of them—there has been a vast amount of controversy as to the birth, breeding, and growth of the salmon. There has been the impregnation controversy, the parr controversy, the smolt dispute, the grilse controversy, and the rate-of-growth quarrel. These scientific and literary combats have been fought at intervals, and have generally exhibited the temper and the learning of the combatants in about equal proportions. The dates of these controversies are not so easily fixed as could be desired, seeing that they are either scattered at intervals through the transactions of learned societies, buried in heavy encyclopedias, or lost in the columns of newspapers. There is something almost akin to romance in the history of the salmon, and about the manner in which the various disputed points as to its birth and mode of growth have been solved—if, indeed, some of these points be yet settled.

The mere facts in the biography of the salmon are not very numerous; it is the fiction with which this particular fish has been invested by those ignorant of its history, that has made it a greater object of interest than it would otherwise have been. The eggs of the female are laid in the secluded and shallow tributary of some great salmon river, in a trough of gravel ploughed up by the fish with great labour, and are left to be wooed into life by the eternal murmuring of the stream. From November till March, through the storms and floods of winter, the ova lie hid among the gravel, slowly but surely quickening into life. As the egg matures, the curled-up fish, with its great black eyes, becomes visible, and in time, when the necessary strength is given, it struggles to straighten itself, and breaks the shell; when lo! it is born into the busy fish world, a tiny misshapen thing, with a cumbrous portion of its birth-cradle adhering to its body, to yield it nourishment. As the winter's chill is taken off the waters by the warm sun of spring, the fry grows and grows, escaping all kinds of dangers, and increasing in weight and strength, till it is gratefully recognized by the juvenile angler as the little parr, clad in a very gay livery, and which nobody believed, till lately, would ever become a salmon. An interesting episode occurs when the little fish attains the

first year of its age—one-half of the shoal becoming smolts, eager for change of scene; the other half remaining in the parr state for a year longer.

Out of this strange circumstance has arisen the interesting parr controversy; and the notable disputations attendant on this part of salmon history may be set down at greater length than any of the other controversies, as it has features of general interest which are not incidental to some of the other battles. The naturalists, for a great number of years, denied that this little fish, known in some parts of England as the samlet, and in other places by different names, was the young of the salmon. Dr. Knox, the anatomist, asserted that the parr was a hybrid belonging to no particular species of fish, but a mixture of many. It is strange that, although this fish was distinctly declared over and over again to be a separate species, no one ever found a female parr that contained roe. But the universal exclamation of the naturalists was, "it is a distinct species," and this dogma might have been still prevalent had not the question been taken up and solved by a very practical man. The Ettrick Shepherd always believed the parr to be the young of the salmon: had he not seen the fish almost change to the smolt before his wondering eyes? But to make assurance doubly sure, he marked a few hundred parrs, and had the felicity in good time to see his assertion realized; his marked parrs became smolts, and ultimately grilse and salmon. The enthusiastic shepherd's plan of dealing with the fish was to place a particular mark upon them, and then advertise, by means of placards on the blacksmith's door, that he would give to all and sundry who produced any of his marked fish the tempting reward of one glass of whisky! But the question was determined in a rather more formal mode than that adopted by the poet.

Mr. Shaw, a forester in the employment of the Duke of Buccleugh, took up the question in 1833, and succeeded in solving the parr problem. He collected the fecundated spawn, and, removing it from the river to a smaller stream, nursed it into life, and thus conclusively, as he thought, settled the vexed question. "No such easy thing to do," exclaimed his opponents; "you have made a mistake; it is evidently parr, and not salmon spawn, you have been operating upon; therefore we are as far as ever from a correct solution of this intricate question." Mr. Shaw was not to be beaten by such assertions, so, Scotchman like, he went to work again, and this time he took care so to arm himself as to be invulnerable. He caught, himself, mature fish, and extruding the roe and milt, repeated, with great success, his nursing experiment, and was able in the course of time triumphantly to refute the theory which held the parr to be a distinct fish, by exhibiting his artificially bred smolts leaping from their pond in their anxiety to get away to the sea.

Before Shaw entered upon his experiments, the smolt was almost universally held to be the young or fry of the salmon in the first year of its age. Had we not found, by such practical experiments as those described, that our professed naturalists were in error on this point, we must have come to the conclusion, that nature had lavished her choicest

powers upon the development of the "venison of the waters." It is not known, we think, whether the same conditions of rapid and partial change apply to the young of salmon hatched in the natural way. Shaw, it may be presumed, only used the eggs of one fish, and these *all* changed at the same time; as we believe did the fry of another experimenter (Young, of Invershin), although at a different interval of time. When the experiments at Stormontfield come to be related, it will be further shown that the parr mystery is still unfathomed.

For a long series of years, no naturalist thought it necessary to watch the spawning beds of the matured salmon, or to ascertain how long it was till the young fish burst from the egg; no person seemed to know how it looked on its first appearance in the river, or what size it was on being hatched, or in what month it was born. But suddenly (indeed, with something like dramatic effect) the young fish appeared in our salmon rivers as a smolt, several ounces in weight, on its tour to the sea. Fighting its way down to the great deep and escaping all the dangers incidental to its infantile career, it was supposed to return to the place of its birth in August or September, converted by some briny harlequinade into a beautiful grilse many pounds in weight!

The most remarkable phase in the life of the salmon is its extraordinary instinct for change. After the parr has become a smolt, it is found that the desire to visit the sea is so intense, especially in the pond-bred fish, as to cause them to leap from their place of confinement, in the hope of attaining at once their salt-water goal. In due season then, we find the silver-coated host leaving the rippling cradle of its birth, and adventuring on the more powerful stream, by which it is borne to the sea-fed estuary, or the briny ocean itself. And this picturesque tour is repeated year after year, being apparently a grand essential of salmon life.

There are various opinions as to the cause of the migratory instinct in the salmon. Some people say it finds in the sea those rich feeding grounds which enable it to add so rapidly to its weight. It is quite certain that the fish attains its prime condition while it is in the salt water; those caught in the estuaries by means of stake or bag nets being richer in quality, and esteemed far before the river fish. The moment the salmon enters the fresh water it begins to decrease in weight and fall from its high condition. It is a curious fact, and a wise provision of nature, that the eel, which is also a migratory fish, descends to spawn in the sea as the salmon is ascending to the river-head for the same purpose: were the fact different, and both fish spawned in the river, the roe of the salmon would be completely eaten up.

It is pleasant, rod in hand, on a breezy spring day, while trying to coax "the monarch of the brook" from his sheltering pool, to watch this annual migration, and to note the march of the bright-mailed army adown the majestic river, that hurries on by busy corn-mill and sweeps with a murmuring sound past hoar and ruined towers, washing the pleasant lawns of county magnates or laving the cowslips on the village



meadow, and as it rolls ceaselessly ocean-ward, giving a more picturesque aspect to the quaint agricultural villages and farm homesteads which it passes in its course. During the whole length of its pilgrimage the army of smolts pays tribute to its enemies in gradual decimation: it is attacked at every point of vantage; at one place the smolts are taken prisoners by the hundred, at another picked off singly by some juvenile angler. But the giant and fierce battle which this infantile tribe has to fight is at the point where the salt water begins to mingle with the stream, where are assembled hosts of greedy monsters of the deep of all shapes and sizes, from the porpoise and seal down to the young coal-fish, who dart with inconceivable rapidity upon the defenceless shoal and play havoc with their numbers.

Many naturalists dispute most lustily the assertion that the smolt returns to the parental waters as a grilse the same year that it visits the sea; and some of our savans even maintain that the young fish makes a grand tour to the North Pole before it makes up its mind to "hark back." It has been pretty well proved, however, that the grilse is the young smolt of the same year; and the only remarkable fact in the history of grilse is, that we kill them in thousands before they have an opportunity of perpetuating their kind: indeed on some rivers the annual slaughter of grilse is so enormous as palpably to affect the "takes" of the big fish. It has been asserted, likewise, that the grilse is also a distinct fish, and not the young of the salmon in its early stage; but this hypothesis has been demolished by the aid of marked fish, and the fact has been demonstrated over and over again, that grilse undoubtedly grow into salmon. There has even been a controversy as to the rate at which the salmon increases in weight; and there have been numerous disputes about what its instinct had taught it to "eat, drink, and avoid."

At every stage in its career the salmon is surrounded by enemies. At the very moment of spawning, the female is watched by a horde of devourers, who instinctively flock to the breeding-grounds in order to feast on the ova. The hungry pike, the lethargic perch, the greedy trout, the very salmon itself, are lying in wait, all agape for the palatable roe, and greedily swallowing whatever quantity the current carries down. Then the water-fowl eagerly pounces on the precious deposit the moment it has been forsaken by the fish; and if it escape being gobbled up by such cormorants, the spawn may be washed away by a flood, or the position of the bed may be altered, and the ova be destroyed for want of water. No sooner do the eggs ripen, and the young fish come to life, than they are exposed, in their defenceless state, to be preyed upon by all the enemies already enumerated, while as parr, they have been known to be taken out of our streams in such quantities as to be made available for the purposes of pig-feeding or manure! Some economists calculate that only one egg out of every thousand ever becomes a full-grown salmon. Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddart calculated that one hundred and fifty millions of salmon ova are annually deposited in the river Tay; of which only fifty

millions, or one-third, come to life and attain the parr stage; that twenty millions of these parrs in time become smolts, and that their number is ultimately diminished to 100,000; of which 70,000 are caught, the other 30,000 being left for breeding purposes. Sir Humphry Davy calculates that if a salmon produce 17,000 roe, only 800 of these will arrive at maturity. It is well, therefore, that the female fish yields a thousand eggs for each pound of her weight; for a lesser degree of fecundity, taking into account the enormous waste of life indicated by these figures, would long since have resulted in the extinction of this valuable fish.

To guard against the sad destruction of life incidental to the natural mode of breeding, recourse has been had to what is known as "Pisciculture;" that is, a system of hatching which protects the eggs during the period of incubation, after which, being immediately received into breeding ponds, the fry are kept out of the reach of their numerous enemies till they are better able to fight their own battle of life than they are in the infantile stages of their career in the open river. The first inklings of pisciculture which we had in this country were the experiments of Shaw, already detailed, and which were not conducted as a means of commerce, but solely with a view to the solution of the parr problem. Gehin and Rémy, two unlettered French peasants, carried on the system on the rivers of France till it attracted imperial attention, and at length resulted in a vast industrial organization, and a handsome recognition by the French Government of the services of its pioneers; and there is now to be seen at Huningue, near Basle, on the Rhine, a great piscicultural laboratory, from which, in the course of a few years, has been despatched, to aid in the repopulation of the exhausted rivers of France, a vast number of the ova of various kinds of fish. The plan adopted is to supply the eggs in various stages of progress, as they can be despatched to long distances with greater safety than the infant fish. The art of pisciculture is not a new invention, except in so far as the persons named were no doubt ignorant of its having formed a part of a far back civilization. The luxurious Romans largely indulged in the mysteries of fish breeding, and had become adepts at acclimatizing: they not only fattened fish or dwarfed them at pleasure, but they could rear the salt-water varieties in their fresh-water ponds, and *vice versa*.

As it is well known that the mere hatching of the fish is accomplished in the natural state by what may be termed chance, or, at any rate, without aid from the parent, who leaves the eggs to their fate the moment they are deposited, it can at once be seen how natural it is that the artificial mode should ultimately come to be largely relied upon for enhancing the commercial value of our fisheries; the very simplicity of the *modus operandi* commends it to notice. The plan carried out at Stormontfield, on the river Tay, is as follows:—The breeding boxes are arranged on a gentle slope facing the river, and a tiny stream of ever-changing water is made to flow over them. They are filled three parts full of gravel, upon which the impregnated ova are carefully placed. An

equitable supply of filtered water is kept up by means of a compensation pond, situated between the boxes and the supplying stream. The young fish, when they leave the boxes, are received in a pond, which communicates by means of a runlet, protected by sluices, with the Tay, so that when the migratory instinct seizes the fish, on their changing to the smolt state, they can easily be sent into the river. By means of these ponds, two questions connected with the controversies already enumerated have been finally settled: first, that the act of impregnation is entirely an external one; and second, that there is a curious anomaly in the growth of the parr which has hitherto defied explanation.

But the parr question has been left by the Stormontfield experiments in a more romantic condition than it was before. It is now known that only one-half of the parr arrive at the smolt stage in the beginning of the second year of their age, the other half of the brood remaining another winter in the pond before assuming the migratory dress, and becoming imbued with the instinct to seek the sea. Thus Mr. Shaw's theory that the salmon fry are two years in attaining the smolt stage is quite reconcilable with that of Mr. Young, who carried on his experiments at Invershin simultaneously with those of Mr. Shaw. In fact, both are right; and the speculations which have been indulged in as to the cause of this curious anomaly still remain in the domain of fancy, as the problem involved cannot yet be said to have been solved. Various curious experiments have been instituted with a view to a solution of the enigma. Mr. Buist informed us, on the occasion of our last visit to the ponds, that the parr and salmon had been tried together, as had also been the grilse and salmon, but without clearing up the point in dispute.

As showing the result of the Stormontfield experiments, we have before us an interesting memorandum by Dr. Esdaile, showing the difference in size of fishes of the same brood:—"No. 1 is a young salmon, fifteen months old, from the artificial breeding-beds and rearing-pond at Stormontfield; killed May 29, 1855; length, 5 inches; circumference over dorsal fin, 2 inches; weight, half an ounce. No. 2 is a fish of the same age, dismissed from the rearing-pond on the same day, after having the dead fin cut off. It was taken by the net three miles below Perth on the 19th July, having been absent fifty-one days; length,  $24\frac{1}{2}$  inches; circumference over dorsal fin,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches; weight,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  lb." It has been found by marking particular fish, that the salmon rate of growth in the salt-water feeding-grounds is remarkably rapid—a four-pound grilse attaining to the conditions of a nine-pound salmon in the course of one visit to the sea! As a proof of this, the following transcription of one of the Duke of Atholl's experiments is offered; it refers to one of the most remarkable changes on record:—"On referring to my journal," says his grace, "I find that I caught this fish as a kelt this year, on the 31st of March, with the rod, about two miles above Dunkeld Bridge, at which time it weighed exactly ten pounds; so that in the short space of five weeks and two days it had gained the almost

incredible increase of eleven pounds and a quarter—for when weighed here on its arrival, it was twenty-one pounds and a quarter!" This is surely wonderful, and but for the certainty of the mark upon it would be incredible. The facility of capturing large fish and identifying them by some particular mark is valuable; and the frequent markings which the salmon of various rivers has undergone proves to a demonstration one of the peculiar instincts of this fish, viz. its very local habits: indeed, all fish are local in their habits to a degree that is scarcely credible. Fishermen know at once by the looks and marks of a fish what sea or river it hails from; in an estuary, for instance, into which several rivers fall, it is found that the salmon of each particular river at once make for their own stream, and seldom enter the wrong one.

The wonders that have been achieved, abroad and at home, by means of pisciculture, cannot be told incidentally: they deserve, and no doubt will obtain, a special chronicle. But it may be stated here, generally, that the whole of the fresh waters of France have been replenished with fish of the greatest value; and that even the waves of the sea have been battled with, and the seeds of a countless quantity of oysters, safely protected from the tempests, have been deposited and ensured against all ordinary modes of destruction. Fish of all kinds have been operated upon, so that the once exhausted waters of the continental rivers now teem with rich and palatable food, the money value of which is represented by a very extensive series of figures. Many have no doubt heard of the curious industrial establishment at Comaccio, on the river Po, where the breeding and fattening of eels is carried on to an enormous extent by an industrious fishing community, who have erected a series of breeding-ponds on marshes which are dyked in from the Adriatic, but which communicate with the sea by means of numerous canals. The place is unique, and presents a wonderful incentive to the erection of similar establishments on our own shores. The annual value of the fish produce of Comaccio, which is sold in a cured state, is really very considerable. On the Danube and on other German rivers, piscicultural operations have been carried on with much success; and what has been accomplished abroad might be successfully carried out at home. The Stormontfield breeding-ponds have undoubtedly increased the salmon supplies of the Tay; and what has been done on one river can doubtless be achieved on many. According to one of the reports issued by Mr. Buist, the conservator of the river Tay, the piscicultural experiments on that river had the following result:—"Of the marked fish liberated from the pond, four per cent. were recaptured either as grilse or salmon. 2nd. More than 300,000 were artificially reared and liberated; forty out of every thousand were recaptured; and as 300,000 were liberated, it follows that 12,000 of the salmon taken in the Tay were pond-bred fish. 3rd. The annual average capture of Tay salmon and grilse is 70,000; so that of the fish taken in this river during the last two years nearly a tenth were artificially bred; and this tenth forms a rise of ten per cent. on the rental of the river."

Leaving the salmon as an object of natural history, and looking at it as an article of commerce, we find that there exists a universal dread of its speedy extinction. The English salmon-fisheries have utterly declined; the Irish fisheries are decaying; and the eagerness with which the Scotch people are rushing to Parliament for new laws indicates a fear of a similar fate overtaking the fisheries of the North. The "breeches-pocket" view of the question has recently become of considerable importance, in consequence of this fear of failing supplies; for the commerce carried on in this particular fish has been at the rate of over 100,000*l.* a year; and although our salmon fisheries are not nearly equal in value to the herring and white fisheries, still the individual salmon is our most tangible fish, and brings to its owner a larger sum of money than any other member of the fish family. Indeed, of late years this "monarch of the brook" has become emphatically the rich man's fish; its price for table purposes, at certain seasons of the year, being only compatible with a large income—and liberty to play one's rod on a salmon river is a privilege paid for at a high figure per annum. Such facts at once elevate the *Salmo salar* to the high regions of luxury: certainly, salmon can no longer find a place on the tables of the poor; for we shall never again hear of its selling at twopence per pound, or of farm-servants bargaining not to be compelled to eat it oftener than twice a week.

Hedged round by legislation, it is quite obvious that the salmon is a highly privileged denizen of the deep, and that the great salmon streams are pertinents of the rich man's lands, yielding him in many instances a large revenue. We have shown here that now, like the rich man's child, the rich man's fish is delicately reared and anxiously cared for: at Stormontfield it has a beautiful nursery, wherein to play away its childish years, and be trained for its advent in the great outer world of water. But it is a truth which cannot be longer hidden from all concerned, that the demand for this fine fish is exceeding the supply, and that we have some time since commenced consuming what may be called the capital stock. Our ignorance of the natural history of the fish, which is only now beginning to melt away, and defective legislation on the subject of the fisheries, coupled with extensive poaching, have done their usual work; and there are in existence abundant figures to demonstrate the declining tendency of the fisheries. The rental of the Tweed, for instance, has fallen to about a fifth of what it once was; and the cry over all the country may soon be—WE HAVE NO SALMON.

---

## Middle Class and Primary Education in England: Past and Present.

---

AMONG the million readers of the *Cornhill Magazine*, a very small minority can boast of having received their education at Eton, or at any other of our great public schools; and though the rest cannot but feel an interest in whatever may concern these aristocratic seminaries, regret for their shortcomings or admiration of what is excellent in them, still their own humble school, what it was when they were boys, and what it is, and is becoming, now they are men, may fairly claim to hold a higher place in their regard. But indeed, to all thinking men, high and low, the question as to how the people, the masses, or by what other name it pleases us to call them, are taught in these lands, is a paramount question, and touches us, our interests, and our future national history, in more points than many of us suspect. No doubt it is become something of a bore to many whose daily longing is for some new thing; and to many others it is worse than a bore, a thing of dread, portending changes of which they are unable to see either the nature or the issue. Wearisome or ominous, however, the question returns upon us with an importunity not to be gainsayed; for it concerns a movement which has begun, has gathered, and is gathering strength, and which we may control, but can in nowise stem or stop.

It has been noticed that the simplest and best English is spoken by the *highest* and the *lowest* classes in England, the broad mass between indulging in an extremely fine and vulgar style of speech. It is a distinct, but significant fact, that at this present time, these two classes, so far removed, are those which receive the best and most thorough education, each according to its need and opportunity. The education of the children of all between the labouring and artisan class below, and the aristocracy and gentry above, may be characterized, with an extremely small grain of qualification, as shallow; covering an extensive area, showy, but unsubstantial, and especially wanting in thoroughness. This means, of course, that it hardly deserves the name of education at all; and yet it is proclaimed as such, received as such, and (as many of you, my responsible readers, can tell) paid for as such, pretty heavily. It is your own look-out: you are shrewd men in your generation; but still you are assuredly paying your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not—or at least ought not to satisfy you. The *education* your sons are getting may look all right as you examine their sum-books, neatly ruled in red ink by some miserable usher, who has had to correct all the mistakes too; or the splendid copy-books, filled with fine illegible penmanship and infinite flourishing (by the



writing-master); or the drawings, of which it would puzzle your young hopeful to tell you how many per cent. of the strokes are his own. If all this is a satisfactory test to you, it is no business of mine; but do not be surprised that the education which you are paying so high for should prove, when your sons grow up, to be of no worth. But if it is not a satisfactory test, then look out for the genuine article.

And first of all, have a care of men with incomprehensible letters attached to their names. The B.A. or M.A. of Oxford or Cambridge, or even of Durham or Dublin, has cost something both in money and labour: men who can write these letters after their names always know something, whether they can teach it or not; and they are generally gentlemen. But, I think I should, for the present, put little faith in a "Member of the College of Preceptors" (price, perhaps, one guinea a-year), or in a Ph. D. (about seven guineas, cash down, they say); or in any B.A. or M.A. without the university named. Beware also of clergymen without degrees, however "experienced in tuition," if you have only the advertisement as a voucher for that; or however "select" their pupils, "charmingly situated" their house, or however "married" they may be. Remember how easy it is, in these degenerate days, to get into orders; how many "scripture-readers," and men who have taken low government certificates and have not got on well as schoolmasters, find a gown, 50*l.* a-year, and a gentility hard to be kept up, in the church. These are literates by name; illiterate commonly by their education; but bold enough by nature, to ask you 80*l.*, 100*l.*, or 130*l.* a-year, for educating and boarding your son. The man who describes himself vaguely as "of Oxford," or "of Cambridge," I would also eschew; as well as, I think, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., F.A.S., F.S.S., F.E.I.S. (whatever this last may mean), and however worthy, in a private capacity, these gentlemen may be. The baptism which imparts these capital letters is commonly a trifling affair, and is mostly a matter of a few guineas, more or less. I do not mean to say that it is not all right and proper for men distinguished, or even engaged, as geologists, or geographers, or statisticians to write F.G.S., F.R.G.S., or F.S.S. after their names; I should like to see the schoolmaster who is any the better as a teacher, or more worthy of being employed by you, for having these letters, or, if he likes, the whole alphabet tagged to his name. The tailor who had put on his sign the candid "*not from London*," is more my style of man. But, avoiding all appearances of puff and quackery, where are you to go? I honestly declare, I can hardly tell you: the tailors are nearly all metropolitan; those "*not from London*" scarce birds indeed. But the question is, not the outward clothing of your boy, nor the 10*l.* or 20*l.* *per annum* which that may demand; but his training in body and mind, and the more serious outlay accompanying it.

Your reflections, when you are for sending him off to school, are probably something like those of the Squire, the father of Tom Brown—"I won't tell him to read his Bible, and love and serve God; if he don't do

that for his mother's sake and teaching, he won't for mine. Shall I go into the sort of temptations he'll meet with? No; I can't do that. Never do for an old fellow to go into such things with a boy. He won't understand me. Do him more harm than good—ten to one. Shall I tell him to mind his work, and say he's sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate, not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles, or the digamma; no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman and a Christian, that's all I want." *Only this, Squire Brown!* Would that all were so wise and so moderate in their desires. But where to get the man fitted for making your son all this? Arnolds, unluckily, do not abound.

A schoolmaster whom you know, who has had plenty of practice in his business, who is honest and honourable in his dealings, industrious as a teacher, firm, yet considerate as a disciplinarian, and who has turned out young men whom you would like your son to resemble—may be a safe choice for you, whether he has an unadorned name or not. There are many schoolmasters of this character, I do not doubt. Better still, if you know he is liberal in his supply of teaching power, both as to the number of his assistants, and as to their attainments and ability. Never trust a school with a large number of pupils and a small number of teachers; it is impossible for real work to be done under such circumstances: you had better pay a few pounds more, and send your boy to a school where there are more assistants. Ascertain, if you can, that these are well paid; for if they are paid poorly, depend upon it they deserve it; and that will signify something to you: no man who is worth anything will work for nothing. If the head-master—or principal, as the word is now—sends up any of his boys to the Oxford middle-class examinations, or submits them to any such public test, get to know from him not only how many succeed, but how many he sent up; and out of how many, the total number in his school. If he is a man who is doing his work thoroughly and conscientiously, he will not refuse any information of the kind; but he would, I should think, readily send you a printed report every year when he sends his bill. If he prefer having private examiners, you should know their names and position, and that they are *not*, if possible, his private friends also. And along with the list of scholars, as they stand in order of merit, get your son to bring with him, or the master to send, the paper-work done by him. These and other means of a like nature will tend to get for *you* your money's worth, in some degree at any rate; and others must be left to look after themselves.

Very prying, very suspicious, all this! Very, it must be confessed; and very necessary, I am sorry to say. You do not buy a horse without handling him, and seeing him out to try his paces; nor even a chair or a table, perhaps, without examining it well. Now the work

you pay the schoolmaster to do is an impalpable kind of thing—not to be weighed, measured, or handled; and in the *great majority* of middle-class schools I have no hesitation to say, *true ware* is the exception, *false appearance of true ware* the rule: in such cases, you pay your money for that which you do not buy.\* Are the middle-class schoolmasters impostors, then? Well, one naturally shrinks from being rude and personal to so large a body of men, many of whom I have already allowed are, no doubt, doing their very difficult work *as well as they can*; but if a spade be a spade, I am afraid we must call our middle-class education *a sham*. Nor should the burden of the blame rest wholly, or perhaps even chiefly, on the shoulders of the schoolmasters. They took up their business, as you did yours, to get a living by it: the delightful task of rearing the tender thought was quite secondary to that of collecting together so many guineas, and making ends meet at Christmas, if possible with some surplus. They are men of like passions with the rest of us; and we nearly all do our work badly enough, unless we either like it for its own sake, or know we shall be brought to book for it soon. Then, again, to teach well is the most difficult thing in the world. The possession of knowledge is the least qualification for it. It requires wonderful patience, great flexibility of mind, clear insight into character, and besides all, a special aptitude, which one may call natural tact, but which is really without a name. We need not marvel, then, that a thing at once so easily counterfeited, and so difficult to be produced genuine, should be rare. The remedy lies with the parents among the middle classes. You must, either individually or by combination, devise some means of discerning the sham from the real; and you must be ready to pay handsomely for the real when you get it. The class below you are advancing with a slow indeed, but a steady step; you can already, some of you, hear the tread. How will it be when their intelligence, knowledge, and power of mind shall equal or surpass yours? What is to be looked for, if you place a pyramid on its apex?

Forty years ago the schoolmasters of private schools were, many of them, a curious and almost unique class of men. A simple, decent living was what most of them strove for; they had not much gentility to support, nor that awful bugbear, position, to care about. Frequently they were men of real ability, both as teachers and in other lines of life: they often carried on some handicraft, and taught a school because they had a liking for the work, or had been asked to do so; and sometimes the combination of employments was incongruous enough. One teacher, whom I once

---

\* If any one will take the trouble to consult the Reports of the Middle-class Examinations, he will find ample evidence in support of this assertion; and he will find, too, that the pupils fall short in precisely the fundamental, as distinguished from the showy parts of education. In 1860, more than 40 per cent. of the candidates entirely failed to satisfy the examiners; which is remarkable, considering the easy kind of papers set, and that the candidates formed the cream, it may be assumed, of their several schools.

knew very well, joined with the art of training ingenuous youth *that of killing pigs*; and it was a common thing for him to be summoned to the village several times in a week, when he would put off his black coat, don a blue apron, and march off to the pig. He was a man full of energy, and very strong, both in body and will. I think he never taught the boys anything; but he spared not the rod if they didn't learn: and his process seemed satisfactory to the parents, for his school was full, and his terms high, and it had to be excused that he was a bit of a butcher. I believe, taking the year round, he must have thrashed every boy in the school at least once a day; the exercise seemed to agree with him: he would double up his tongue between his teeth to give emphasis to his blows. If any of his old pupils read this, may I ask if they yet remember this playful fancy of old Samuel? And yet he was not a brute; but seemed to go on the principle adopted in some old schools, as at Strensham, for example, Butler's birthplace: "Flog the boys regularly, whether they deserve it or no: if they don't now, they soon will!" Samuel was a man of progress, too. He established, or helped to establish, a Reading Society in the village; and I remember it was on his desk I first had the pleasure of *smelling* (for the books were new) the *Spectator* and *Blair's Lectures*. He had three brothers in the school, whom he by no means exempted from the benefits of his perpetual lash; and this appeared only to strengthen their resolution, for, in spite of their imperfect learning, they all rose in the world: two are in the medical profession, and one is now a clergyman and master of a grammar-school in England. (Rev. sir, if you chance to read this article, I take my hat off to you across the years since we last met, and make you my best bow, as I used to do to your brother!)

Another schoolmaster, about two miles away, kept his school on a moor, and had pupils for miles round. His fame was great as a mathematician and man of science. He was deeply marked with the small-pox, wore enormous shirt-collars, had only a short stump of his right arm, made pens beautifully, cutting the nibs very adroitly on the thumb-nail of his single hand; wrote one of the boldest, neatest specimens of penmanship I ever saw; was skilful at the turning-lathe, and had made for himself a very complete electrical apparatus. His school was large; he had no assistant, and he taught nothing: though I have known him to be very patient and painstaking with any boy of a mathematical turn. He exhibited, however, no partiality in the application of his flat oak ferule, and had no mercy on any little fellow who winced and drew back his hand; it, therefore, was a common thing in the school to stand the blow without shrinking: for it was a point of honour to shed no tears, but at most to press the stinging hand beneath the opposite armpit, and bite the lip. This, with the constant fights among the boys, the long hunts at "hare-and-hounds," the swimming, skating, &c., made up the most valuable part of their education: to endure, to dare anything, to fear nothing, that was the chief outcome of it; and it is very valuable.

But as to learning, little indeed was acquired: boys at fifteen could not do a question in the rule of three, could not compose a tolerably decent letter, had no knowledge of history, had never seen a map, except perhaps those in *Goldsmith's Geography*, which were never used. As for Latin, I will say the grammar had been ground well, and that was all; as to English grammar, Murray was faithfully "got off" time after time, through and through again; but with such an appreciation of his meaning, that I well remember my rev. friend, to whom I have just been civil, being called upon—I think on the very day he was leaving school—to parse "shady grove," and he was unable to say which was the adjective and which was the noun! No doubt he will give a public denial to this; but I can assure him I have a distinct recollection of it, for I was standing at the bottom of the class, when he was turned down below me! At any rate, he will probably agree with me that we learned very little of—

"Those polished arts which humanize mankind,  
Softens the rude, and calms the boisterous mind."

It was to such schools as these that manufacturers, farmers, and well-to-do tradesmen, sent their sons in times past. The poorer people either gave their children no education at all, or put them to dame schools for a few years, and then got them work to do at as early an age as possible. In 1818, the National Schools came into existence, and matters were soon a little improved. But it is chiefly within the last fifteen years that the most important progress has been made; and it is of elementary schools which have sprung up under the auspices of Government during this period of which I now wish to say a few words.

The school-buildings in general are large and commodious, well warmed and ventilated, and not a few possess considerable architectural pretensions. Convenient playgrounds are in many cases attached to them, and fitted up with swings, vaulting-poles, and other game apparatus. Others have gardens cultivated by the boys, or workshops where a little carpentering is done, and, in rare instances, a small printing-press is set up. The internal fittings of the school are in almost every case good; the floor, the seats, the desks, must all be such as shall from year to year satisfy the Privy Council on Education; and the text-books are ample and cheap, being partly supplied by grant from Government, and partly by purchase of the school-managers. Black-boards for oral teaching are in sufficient numbers; and the walls are adorned with the best maps which England or Germany produces. Cabinets of chemical apparatus are granted to every school where the master has proved, by examination, his ability to use it; and drawing-copies and music-sheets for class-teaching are all on a liberal scale.

The master has been prepared for his work by four or five years' apprenticeship under some competent teacher, and after that by a two years' training at a training college. For every forty boys under him he has one assistant called a pupil-teacher; thus, in a school of 120 boys

there will be at least three assistants besides the head-master. The pupil-teachers are selected from the school, on account of their character, attainments, and special aptitude for the office of schoolmaster; and besides the practical training in school work which they receive in school hours, a minimum of one hour and a half is fixed by the Privy Council Office for special instruction in subjects defined for each year of their apprenticeship. An examination is held annually by the inspector of the district to ascertain whether these subjects have been thoroughly taught; if they pass, each receives from the Council Office his yearly stipend, and the master his fee; but if they fail, their indentures are cancelled, and the money is lost to both parties.\* Supposing the pupil-teacher runs unscathed through the gauntlet of at least five examinations, he may then present himself as a candidate for a Queen's scholarship, and about the following Christmas undergo another examination of three days' duration at the college to which he has applied; but under an inspector, and in papers sent down direct from London. Passing this, he finds himself in the published lists a first or second class Queen's scholar, and begins his first year's course at the training college. When Christmas comes round again, he goes in to another examination, lasting a week, where papers, sent down as before from the Council Office, are put before him, embracing religious knowledge (in Church of England schools), mathematics, history, geography, grammar and literature, school-management, drawing, music, &c.; and if he pass that, he enters in the following February on his second year's course in the college. When this is ended, he must again undergo the test of another week's examination, as before; but with, of course, much harder papers, and with the addition of other subjects, such as Latin and physical science. If he fails in this last ordeal, he cannot be a schoolmaster recognized by Government; if he does well, but not well enough, he is put into a "schedule," and sent back to do the second year's course again; but if he passes, he becomes *conditionally* entitled to their lordships' certificate of merit, of the first, second, or third degree, as he may deserve. *Conditionally*—for the Council Office has still a hold on him; he has resolved to be a schoolmaster, and he must be, or their lordships, like the Cornishmen, will "know the reason why." So he goes to a school, conducts it for at least two years; is reported on by her Majesty's inspector each year, and if favourably—as let us hope, after all this, it should be—he then receives his certificate, signed by the Lord President for the time being, ornamented by the national arms, and entitling him to 30*l.* for the highest class, or to 15*l.* for the lowest, per annum, by Government grant, in addition to his salary. This grant, however, is still conditional on his doing his work satisfactorily.

---

\* The payments are as follows:—For the pupil-teacher—1st year, 10*l.*; 2nd, 12*l.* 10*s.*; 3rd, 15*l.*; 4th, 17*l.* 10*s.*; 5th, 20*l.* For the master—for one pupil-teacher, 5*l.*; for two, 9*l.*; for three, 12*l.* For each additional apprentice, 3*l.* more.



Thus after six or seven years' continual training, this man goes out to his labours: competent he ought to be, and he is, if the testimony of men able to judge is to be believed. The principle of the Government with regard to him is, from the beginning onward to the end, "no song no supper!" The supper, that is, the average income, of this class of schoolmasters, taking England, Wales, and Scotland, is 94*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.*; or about 4*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.* above the cost of "a London coachman who can drive well." But we all know too heavy a supper is no wholesome thing; and the Privy Council Office prohibits any recourse to extraneous means of increasing the meal. Private tuition, for which certificated schoolmasters are eagerly sought, cannot be allowed; but, so far as I know, no detailed statement has yet been made by Government as to how their leisure hours may be spent. We can never tell what a minute may bring forth; but an easy-chair, port-wine, and walnuts, need not, perhaps, be expected. However, these elementary schoolmasters, and they are now about 10,000 strong, ought to be able to take care of themselves; and in the meantime we will thank them for the good work they are doing at so cheap a rate. Nor will we wonder if many of them find it to their advantage to leave the elementary school, and take to employments in which they are at once easier worked, better paid, less under surveillance, and in a better social position. Grammar-schools, proprietary colleges, and academies for gentlemen, are advertising for them; and numbers have gone to our colonies to take charge of important schools there.

In this way, then, are our present schoolmasters for the poorer classes trained for and kept to their work. So keen is the official inspection, so perfectly intolerant of unsoundness the annual handling of the article which the schoolmaster turns out as his handiwork, that there is no possibility or chance of shirking.

It remains for the middle classes to discover how they are to manage the education of their sons as well as that of the children of the poor is managed for them. Nothing so important as this ought to be impossible for them. *Preparation* for the work of education; *inspection*, to see that the work is done, ought to be insisted on. How these are to be got—whether through the universities or by parliamentary enactment—matters but little, provided they are got. I, for my own part, cannot see why it should be more allowable for a man to practise the profession of teaching, than that of medicine or law; and if we put safeguards against incompetence in the one case, why we should not in the other. But at any rate it is time for the middle classes to look out: their kibes are beginning already to be galled; and, if Lord Bacon is right, "no doubt the sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge." They may expect that in a generation or two at the farthest, more questions will have to be settled than that which concerns the difference between a 10*l.* and a 6*l.* franchise; for it is as inevitable that knowledge should have the supremacy over ignorance, as that day should come when the sun rises.

## The Wrong Side of the Stuff.

---

WHEN I was very young I wrote a novel. A friendly publisher placed it, with a kind word or two, in the hands of his literary adviser, who pronounced upon it a verdict singularly adverse, not to say altogether crushing. How I despised the surly critic for it! How assured I was, in my inmost heart, that he was ineffably ignorant and demonstrably wrong, envious, malignant, a hater of his race! But I see him now, at odd times, on public and on private occasions, a bland and benevolent elderly gentleman; and I shake hands with him, knowing that he denounced the first efforts of my Muse, but feeling that instead of my bitter enemy he was my very good friend, and that, in truth, my novel was far more guilty than in his very lenient verdict.

I do not now remember the words of his judgment—that judgment which dispersed all my cherished visions of an honoured manhood, and sent me back to hobbledehoyism and dependence beneath my father's roof. It is an old story now, and if I could recover a transcript of this first criticism, every word of which, at the time, burnt itself into me like hot iron, I would frame it for the encouragement of my children. But there was one particular passage of the Reader's judgment which, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, I have not forgotten. He dwelt upon the singular inconsistencies of the hero of my story, maintaining that the man who did this or that good thing could not have done this or that bad one. I took the hint, called my tale *The Inconsistent Man*, put upon the title-page an appropriate morality from Wordsworth, and published the novel at my own risk. And I have often since thought that if it had had no more serious defect than the inconsistency of its hero, there was no reason why it should not have succeeded. But as it had scarcely anything that a novel ought to have, and almost everything that a novel ought not, it is mere matter of course that it failed. How coolly one writes about these failures now—fearful and terrible as they were at the time—almost, indeed, rejoicing in them. And why not? Are not those early failures wounds inflicted upon us in honourable battle? May we not be proud of our scars? There is heroism needed for that conflict; and shall the hoary veteran not recite the audacities of his youth? May there not be deeds done out of uniform worthy of Victoria Crosses? Truly, I have known such. We may not bear about with us an empty sleeve or other outward insignia of our gallantry; \*

---

\* I saw a pleasant sight, the other day, since this sheet was written. Hard by the great palace of Westminster, there stood at a corner, in his neat uniform of green, leaning against a post, and ready to be hired, one of that useful body of men called

but we may have had wounds less readily healed—agonies less easily borne—and may have gone through it all with equal constancy and courage.

But I have recalled this juvenile experience only to observe that, after a quarter of a century's adult acquaintance with life, I am even less minded than I was at nineteen to regard men as consistent unities. Consistency is so rare a quality—or, rather, such a rare combination of harmonious qualities—that if statues are not erected in the market-place to consistent men, surely, they ought to be, as to the rarities and marvels of the earth. We think that we know our neighbours—our acquaintances—our friends; but the chances are that we know them only in one particular aspect, and that, perhaps, the aspect which is least essentially true to the inner nature of the man. We are wont to say that So-and-So is not a likely man to do such-and-such a thing. Broadly, it may be said, that we cannot bring ourselves to believe that men, whose leanings are evidently towards virtue, who talk and write virtuously, can do things the reverse of virtuous; and, when we find that they do such things, we are wont to cry out that they are hypocrites. The fact is, that they are not hypocrites. They may love what is good without doing it. Was David a hypocrite? Was Paul a hypocrite? "The evil I would not, that I do." How common a case it is. I knew a man who stood in the felon's dock, who wore the felon's dress, who did the felon's servitude. I knew him when all men respected him. It was not only that he talked good things; he did them; he took pleasure in doing them. He had a hearty relish for good—I am sure that he had none for evil. But he fell—to the astonishment of the world he fell; and when he lay there, utterly crushed, by reason of the tremendous height from which he had fallen, people with one accord said that he was a hypocrite. I remember well the dark faces that were turned upon me—faces not all masculine, the owners of which were rightly honoured by the world—when I ventured to say that I could not believe, having known him in his brighter days, that that poor, crushed sinner had artistically assumed a robe of sanctity for the concealment of his systematic iniquities. I cannot bring myself to believe it even now, after the lapse of years, when his image has faded somewhat from my sight, and his voice has grown dim in my ears. What I do believe is that there is a vast deal more

---

commissionaires, who do our errands so much more quickly and more cheaply than the old race of ticket porters—an old soldier with three medals on his breast. As I neared him, on my way to my daily work, I saw another old soldier approach him—an older soldier, and of a higher rank, with bronzed cheek, and white moustache, and erect carriage, and a noble presence; one whom there was no mistaking, though dressed in the common garb of an English gentleman. When he saw the medals on the commissionaire's breast, his face brightened up, and he stopped before the man in green, and with a pleasant word or two, took up the medals, one after another, in his one hand, and then I saw that he had an empty sleeve. And when I looked at the commissionaire, I saw that he also had an empty sleeve. And I wished that I had been an artist, to paint that touching scene.

of inconsistency than hypocrisy in the world. Hypocrisy is a laborious trade. The emoluments must be great if they are proportionate to the pains of following it. But every man is not a hypocrite who does not act up to his professions. *Video meliora, proboque; deteriora sequor.*

The Christian confession previously cited is but an unconscious rendering of the heathen. It is worse than folly to assert that a man is not to commend what is good because he is not able to practise it. Am I not to admire and to extol learning because I am unlearned myself? For my own part, I hold that the less harm we do to others, the better; and that "if from the weakness of our natures we cannot always stand upright," it is far better not to sin, as some do, glorying in their sins, confounding good and evil, and leading weak people astray by pernicious example. It has been said, and brilliant is the saying, that "hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue;" but, like other sharp epigrams of the same kind, this must be taken with some qualification. The homage which vice pays to virtue, by cloaking itself, is not always hypocrisy. Genuine hypocrisy is, primarily, homage to self. The hypocrite conceals his vices because he thinks that the revelation of them will be injurious to him. His homage consists only in the practical acknowledgment that vice is less seemly in men's eyes than virtue. But we more frequently pay our homage to virtue, because we really love virtue, and would not willingly infect others with the disease which we have not the constitutional power to throw off from ourselves.

Another error very frequently committed is this. We learn that a man has done some wrong thing, and straightway we judge him to be altogether wrong. We are loth to give him credit for the possession of any good qualities. It is very true in one sense, that "morality admits of no sets-off." If a man runs off to America with his neighbour's wife, it is no excuse for his conduct that he paid his tradesmen before he went. But it would be very unjust to assume that because he has eloped with a paramour he has cheated his creditors and violated every moral and social engagement at the same time. A man may break one of the commandments without shivering both tables of the decalogue at a blow. The fact is, that many men who do very wrong things, have a great deal of good in them. Indeed, the very wrong that they do is often only a riotous development of some good quality; something that, although fair, and smooth, and glossy, and beautiful to behold upon one side, is all rough, and tangled, and confused, and unseemly upon the other. The gusts of circumstance have caught it, and turned it the wrong side uppermost. But it *has* a right side, all the same.

If it cannot be said that the father of evil had no originality of conception, and that all he could do was to turn our good qualities to his own profit, I am disposed to think that this notion borders very closely upon the truth. Vices pure and simple—vices wholly vicious in their origin and in their progress—there are, when we come to think of it, very few. Let it be accounted what paradox, what absurdity it may, when

any foul crime has been committed, to declare that there was a root of Virtue somewhere beneath that great spreading tree of Vice, it is not, when we dig deep beneath the surface, so preposterous as it seems. Perhaps, there is no deadlier sin than revenge; but has not the first of English moralists most happily called it "wild justice?" Is there not at the bottom of it a virtuous hatred of the wrong done—a holy yearning after that divine attribute of justice? We would fain leave the matter in the hands of God; but divine judgments are for the most part slow, and, lacking faith and patience, we would forestall the sentence of the one perfect Judge, and so our Justice breaks its bonds, runs wild, and in its wildness becomes Revenge. Very unseemly it may be to behold, very grievous to contemplate; but it is, after all, only the wrong side of the stuff.

Ah! if we could only draw the line that separates good from evil—if we could only obey, in our hearts and in our lives, the mandate, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"—what a blessed thing it would be! But we go on, little by little, up to the very verge of right, and silently we transgress the boundary, not intending to suffer ourselves on that other side, and not knowing that we are there. If, when we are about to pass the picquets into the enemy's country, some sentry-angel would only warn us of our danger, we might be saved in time; but we pass on in the darkness right up to the advanced guard of the enemy, and are not conscious of our error till we find ourselves in the archfiend's camp, and all his batteries playing upon us.

You have heard it said a thousand times, "God preserve me from my friends, and I will look after my enemies myself." Apply this to your own humanity, and pray to be preserved from your good qualities in the knowledge that you can look after your bad ones yourself. You are liberal; beware of your liberality. You are loving; beware, above all things, of that "rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind," which leads us into so many snares and pitfalls. You have a strong sense of justice; pray to be enabled to set a restraint upon it, lest you should become hard, intolerant, revengeful. You are firm, resolute, constant; seek better support than your own, or you may degenerate into obstinacy, obduracy, dogged resistance of conviction, and impenetrable pride. I need not run through the catalogue. Every one knows the old couplet—

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen."

It is by that which is not hideous—by that which is not seen—that we are beguiled; by the fair Delilah upon whose lap we lay our trusting heads, unconscious of the depths of treachery which lurk beneath that smooth face and that pleasant smile. It is thus that our temptations assail us; thus that we are lured on to the death. We hear much in the pulpit and read in excellent books about our "besetting sins;" but it is of our besetting, ensnaring virtues, or goodnesses, that we have to beware, both for ourselves and for others. Do we think enough of this? Does

it enter into our heads or our hearts as a matter whereof we should take sovereign account in the education of our little ones? Who has not heard that pretty story of the child who, when asked how it was that every one loved her, made answer that she did not know, unless it was because she loved every one. Who would not have been the father of that little girl? Who would not have been prouder of such a jewel than of the *Koh-i-noor*? Would you or I have saddened over that sweet speech, or dared to soil the pure reflection which it cast by any prophecies of coming evil? And yet, truly, in that dear child's loving nature—and because so loving, therefore so loveable—there is much to deplore, much to dread. Thinking seriously of it, we know that of all temperaments it is the most dangerous—the one most likely to bring its possessor to much sorrow and much sin. And, truly, it is right, if we can do it, to check this propensity to love overmuch. But how can we do it? Lecture as we may, the head will not understand, and the heart will repudiate our doctrine. Such a tender plant as this requires very careful handling. Can we snatch the baby-doll from the young arms, and thrust its fair waxen face between the bars of the fire; or send, in her tearful presence, the sportive kitten to the inevitable pond? And if we could, what then? That treatment does not answer in childhood any more than in later life. We try it sometimes with our grown-up boys and girls, and only make a mess of it. No, if we would moderate such a tendency as this, we must above all things avoid violence. At best, there is not much to be done; but we may be watchful and considerate, and above all, we may take care to provide healthy objects of affection, and never to force the inclinations of a loving nature from any worldly motives—any mistaken estimate of what we are wont to call “eventual good.” Out of such efforts as this come the sad domestic histories, which make the records, now so tersely tragic, of the Divorce Court; a few lines—just a few lines—the stories of half a dozen lives in half a newspaper column.

What is more beautiful than the right side of this stuff, what is more hideous than the wrong? It is all of the same woof, look at it as you may; but, oh! the difference. There is the “new commandment” given to you, brodered on the one side in fair characters; and one of the seven deadly sins glaring out upon you in ghastly letters from the other. Poor lost child, sinful and the cause of sin in others, cast away, unrepentant, smiling at night beneath the gas, what a very wrong side it is! But it was fair and seemly to behold before you turned that side uppermost. A trusting, loving nature; guileless, unsuspecting; feeling no wrong and dreaming of none in others; a strong tendency to hero-worship, veneration largely developed; capable of any self-sacrifice so it but please the one-beloved object. How grand in Iphigenia, how noble in Antigone! But in poor Perdita, the sacrifice is not for a father or a brother, and it is only a living death.

Let no one say that this is “dangerous doctrine.” In truth, there is no doctrine in it. It is merely plain matter-of-fact. The doctrine, as I



have already said, is that we should pray to be protected, not against our besetting sins, but against our besetting virtues. And, indeed, do we not so pray? There is no temptation in sin; it is anything but tempting. We are tempted by what is beautiful and alluring. There is a narrow line, very finely drawn, almost imperceptible, which, if you do not cross, you are safe. But the Tempter is continually enticing you to cross that line; and you find yourself in his grip before you know that he is at your elbow. It is natural that when we write of love, we should draw our illustrations from woman, but there are men, too, "peccante in this kinde"—men of gentle, kindly natures, loving hearts, caressing manners—with something in their faces, when they talk to women, "like a still embrace;"\* men who could not wilfully do an unkind thing, and who forgive an injury as soon as it is inflicted upon them. But what a deal of mischief these amiable sinners do in this world of ours. They do not mean it. They would stand aghast at the thought of the iniquities into which they are likely to drift, if they were to see them foreshadowed in the magic mirror of the Future. But they see nothing and on they go, giving free vent to the impulses of their loving natures, until all at once they wake to the knowledge that God's gift of love has blackened into a curse. The world may know it, or the world may not know it. Most likely it is profoundly ignorant; it may be very inquisitive and very censorious: but how often it is grievously at fault. How often even Mrs. Grundy sees only the amiable husband, and the kind father, and the benevolent gentleman, where, if the curtain were raised, if the hidden life were revealed, if the wrong side of the stuff, with its frayed ends, were made clear to the vision, there would be such a cry of respectable indignation, such a shudder of virtuous horror, as would strike even the seared conscience of the sinner with dismay. Men who slide into wrongdoing, conscious that they mean no wrong, soon reconcile themselves to it, and might, without hypocrisy, express surprise when their offences come to be described by their proper names. All this can be readily understood. And the better we understand it, the more impressed we are with the marvellous truth of the aphorism that "Hell is paved with good intentions." Nothing has been written more frequently than that men are worse than they seem—that, if we could only read men's thoughts . . . . And, if we could, though many a "good man" would be shown to be worse than he appears, many a "bad man" might be revealed to us as something better. On the whole, perhaps, our thoughts are better than our lives. Fatal errors—even deadly sins—are committed, which have a source of goodness, if we only trace those polluted waters back to their pure fount. There is many a tangled wilderness—many

---

\* There was something in his accents, there was something in his face, When he spoke that one word to her, which was like a still embrace; And she felt herself drawn to him—drawn to him, she knew not how, With a love she could not stifle, and she kissed him on the brow.

a dark forest, "whose very trees take root in love;" many a cruel act that branches from the stem of a kind heart.\*

And then as to the omissions—the good things which we would fain do, but do not—which we act in thought, but only in thought, yet still with a grave sincerity of purpose—how manifold they are! Under the single apologetic heading of "want of time," we might most of us tick off omissions of this kind, which, had the will ripened into action, would have set up a dozen men with a capital of good deeds sufficient to qualify them for the calendar of saints. Almost every active-minded man sketches out for himself, in the course of his life, intellectual exploits, which it would take at least five centuries to perform. And we believe that there are a vast number of men whose unaccomplished works of charity and love could not be crowded into any smaller space of time. For want of time, we are continually failing in all the offices of friendship; neglecting those who have strong claims upon us; leaving visits unpaid, letters unwritten, hospitalities unrendered, all sorts of neighbourly duties unperformed. How many kind letters does the mind write for us, when pen and ink are lacking, in the crowded streets, in the railway carriage, or abroad in the fields!—how many messages of love does the spirit waft to distant friends!—how many far-off houses do we visit, carrying with us some token of affection!—how many welcome guests do we gather around our own boards—in everything but the solid substantiality of fact. The dramatist who said that he had written all his play *but the acts*, gave expression to that which may be taken literally with reference to the great drama of life. There is friendship, kindness, charity, hospitality, boundless sympathy—complete in everything "but the acts." Are we, then, all humbugs? Not a bit of it. We are oftener humbugs in doing than in not doing. But we cannot expect the world to take the will for the deed. We must be content that judgment should be passed upon us for that only which is seen and done. When some stroke of good fortune befalls my friend, I must not, being silent, expect him to give me credit for the pleasure which I have not expressed, though it may have filled my eyes with tears and made me thrill with pleasurable emotion. The letter or the visit of congratulation has been paid or written only in the spirit, and, though One who reads all hearts can see the untraced words on the sheet, and hear the sound of the unraised knocker on the door,

---

\* Very many years ago, in the prime of my verdure, happening upon a grave truth by accident, I wrote that "the most unselfish people often do the most selfish things;" and some critics, whose years and experience doubtless exceeded my own twice told, commended the paradox with a warmth that surprised me. But now that I have lived a quarter of a century longer in the world, I see the full force of the words far more clearly than when I wrote them. The cruelties of the kindly are often most grievous. Even in their self-sacrifices at times there is an egotism which gives them pleasure, and practically a total disregard of the sufferings of others. But they are honestly bent on self-negation, and resolute to bear their martyrdom bravely to the last gasp. Do not let us say, then, that they are selfish, and condemn them; rather let us teach them how they may better contribute to others' happiness and to their own.

our best of human friends can hardly be expected to think that our silence at such a time is not cold, unkindly, or ungrateful. In these respects and in others, perhaps, of greater moment, we are most of us better than we seem. But life is short, and the battle thereof is very sharp and absorbing; and we have not always the wax spread upon the wall or the style ready to the hand. And so our brightest thoughts do not find their way into our books, or our best feelings into action. They fall by the wayside, and the birds of the air devour them. What I write now I had in my head last night, as I lay abed in the dark, but with far greater force of words and fertility of illustration. Why, then, it may be asked, did I not spring from my bed, grope my way to a match-box, light a candle, and rush to the library? Why! because I was weary, because I might have broken my shins, because I might have caught cold, and lost the bright thoughts, after all, before I had got the pen in my hand to give them permanent expression. They are lost for ever. It cannot be helped. I do not expect any credit for them. But I say that many of us are cleverer fellows than we are in our books, and, what is more to the point of this essay, better fellows than we are in our actions.

I have said that there is often cruelty to those whom we love best in the sacrifices which we make for their sakes. But it is not in affairs of love only, that this prodigal expenditure of self is often very hurtful to others. As there are loving natures, so, also, there are giving natures. Sometimes we find them both combined. Indeed, a loving nature is commonly a giving nature; but to give is not always to love. I have known some very liberal, open-handed people, who would give away, indeed, the very shirt on their backs, and yet the depths of whose affections are very easily fathomed. And truly this is a dangerous quality; almost as dangerous as the tendency to love overmuch. But there is something beautiful in it too; and we are loath to check it, though we know that it should be checked. Yes, indeed, when that fine little boy on his way to the pastrycook's, with his right hand in the pocket of his knickerbockers, firmly clenching the small coin wherewith he is about to purchase buns for a nursery feast, is arrested at the very threshold of the palace of dainty delights, by the sight of a shivering beggar-woman with three small pinched children, lean-faced and wistful-eyed, on the pavement, and presently returns bunless and moneyless to the paternal roof; can you or I find it in us to utter word of reproach or even warning? We may try—almost we may begin, when we hear the artless story, to say, "Clement," with a grave face, "I think, perhaps . . ."—but before the first few words are out, the grave look gives way to a flushing smile, and all you can bring out is, "Clem, my darling, you're a dear, kind boy—here's a shilling; go and buy the buns for me, and remember, that the money is mine." And Clem goes, with his hand more tightly clenched in his knickerbockers than ever, and, listening to no allurements on the way, he brings back the buns in

safety, for he feels that neither the money nor the buns are his—until he gets fairly home, and then he becomes undisputed proprietor, and he has his feast, with interest, in the nursery.

Now, I do not say that all this is right—morally, indeed, it is very wrong. “Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will return to you after many days.” True, and what lessons of faith, hope, and charity—all three—does this teach us? But we must not look for our bread, or our buns, to come back to us in the next half hour. Where is the faith, where is the hope, where is the charity, to be exercised under such a dispensation? It would be far better, therefore, if dear Clem had had his lecture and lost his buns. I speak very seriously. I know how hard it is to look disapprovingly upon a kind act. I know, too, that strictly speaking, we ought to assume that Clem would have been happier without his buns than with them. Little boys used to be so, when I was one—in the story-books at least. But, bless the little knickerbockers, in these degenerate days our boys eat the second bag of buns with all the heartier relish for having given away the first to a beggar. If they are *not* rewarded with a second they go without, and, perhaps, are naughty enough sometimes to think regretfully, almost self-reproachfully, of the sacrifice they have made. But even boy nature is weak; and why should we expect these little ones to be stronger than grown men?

But here I am, according to my wont—drifting, drifting farther and farther away from the morality which I ought to teach. That dear little Clem ought really to be cautioned against the snares of liberality. He ought to be told that liberality is not always generosity. He should be cautioned lest, although it is now quite enough to tell him that the money in his pocket is not his, he should some day be liberal with that which is not his own. The man has not always so keen a sense of the sacredness of other people's belongings as the boy. At all events, we should watch well the good and kindly tendencies of our children. It is a common saying with respect to the boys, that their bad qualities will be “knocked out of them at school.” If they be proud, their pride will be laughed out of them; if they be quarrelsome, their contentiousness will be thrashed out of them; if they be mean, their meanness will be scorned out of them. But all their attractive qualities are sure to be encouraged and developed, and, if in time they are not exaggerated, first into weaknesses, and then into vices, happy indeed is the youth, or wiser and stronger than his comrades. It is, therefore, I say again, the parental duty to warn a child against its kindlier and more attractive qualities, and, if possible, to moderate and control them. If we do not, we may be sure that some day or other we shall see the wrong side of the stuff.

In no respect, perhaps, is it of more sovereign importance to the moral wellbeing of a man, and to the general welfare of society, that the line, which separates good from evil should be jealously observed, than in the manifestations of generosity run riot. Doubtless, it is a good thing to

give, and to give freely. The Lord "loveth a cheerful giver." But if we do not take heed, our delight in giving may lead us not only to give what we have, but what we have not, and to be generous at other persons' expense. That miserable George Barnwell, who when I was young was preached at the rising generation on Easter Mondays, Boxing-nights, and other solemn occasions, from the great dramatic pulpits of the metropolis, went through prodigality of giving straight on to murder. This, doubtless, is an exceptional manifestation. We do not often, literally and corporeally, slay our benefactors, in order that we may bestow rich gifts upon some frail friend, but figuratively, metaphorically, we are afraid, we often sin in this fashion, and are generous before we are just and honest. Many grievous shipwrecks have come out of this: and the fairest promises have led straight up to the felon's dock. Do you think that the poor, blasted wretch whom you see quailing and cowering there had any natural tendency towards dishonesty? Had that miserable George of whom I have spoken any taste for blood—any craving after the excitement of highway robbery? He did it, not that he loved his uncle less, but that he loved another more, and he would rather have given her trinkets sprinkled with blood than not have given her any trinkets at all.

This is altogether, as I have said, an extreme case. George took what he knew he could never restore. He could not restore life; and he could not restore money to the dead. But a large number of those who are brought to ruin by their heedless liberality, have no thought of being dishonest or even unjust. If, directly or indirectly, they take what is not their own, they believe in their hearts that they can make restitution before any one will miss it. Strictly, it is unjust—perhaps, dishonest—to give or to lend sixpence, unless you have the means, without that sixpence, of satisfying every rightful claim upon you. Say that the poor old lady, who nursed you in your tender childhood, is down in the rheumatics; or that little Barbara, your handmaiden, who kept long and patient vigils beside the bed of your sick wife or your dying boy, has been crying her poor eyes out, because she has bad news from home, of rent that cannot be paid, and little brothers and sisters who cannot be fed; or that unhappy Bibulus Beanerges, the man of letters, who has done you, as you know, many a bad turn in his day, now come to drunken grief, seeks a good one at your hands—what right have you—as an honest man, to give to one or the other, if you cannot pay your tradesmen's bills on demand to the last farthing? None. I know it; I feel it. To give, when you owe, is to give what is not your own. This is a great moral truth to be impressed upon little Knickerbocker; and, if you catch him giving a penny to a beggar when he owes sixpence at the lolly-pop shop—for in these days, even little Knickerbockers are prone to contract debts—doubtless it is the parental duty to admonish him severely on the spot.

But—stern moralist as I am, after this I cushion myself on a *but*—but, if the wrong side of that fine, rich stuff of generosity be injustice and

dishonesty, justice and honesty also have their wrong sides. Just and honest men, whom I wot of, often suffer their virtues to exuberate, so as to overgrow some of the milder graces, which I, for one, cannot help esteeming. It may be our duty to narrow our obligations to the utmost, or, rather, to the innermost; to recognize only the primary duties; to see no neighbourhood beyond our own fireside or the walls of our own counting-house; to provide plentifully for our own offspring; to owe no man anything; and neither to borrow nor to lend. This may be right; at all events, it is safe. I confess that I have not so read the precepts of Christianity—but, then, my understanding may be a false interpreter of the truth. "What claim has he upon me, that I should do this thing for him? By doing it, I may injure those who *have* claims upon me." What claim? Well, I confess that when we come to talk about claims, there is very little to be said. What claims have you and I upon the bounty either of Man or God? It would end, at last, I fear, if they came to be tried, in our throwing ourselves upon the mercy of the Court. It is, doubtless, a very grievous thing when men, under the inspiration of a vague feeling of universal brotherhood, forget that they are husbands and fathers. Books, we know, have been written to prove that our kindred have no claim upon us as kindred, but simply as members of the great family of mankind. Such doctrine is to be repudiated utterly. Home first, and the world afterwards. But there are those whose maxim it is, "Home first, and after that the Deluge." And the home of such men often contains a family of which the solitary member is Self. The honesty of such men is not to be questioned. If they were to die to-morrow, all their worldly affairs would be found in the nicest order—no man would be defrauded of his rights. But, Honestus, you must beware of your besetting virtue. It is possible that somewhat more may be required of you than this strictness of dealing. The unprofitable servant who wrapped up his talent in a napkin was, doubtless, a very honest man—safe to the extremest point of safety. But he did not satisfy his master. Honesty is a grand thing—"An honest man's the noblest work of God"—Ay, truly. But may it not be, that there are regions in which honesty is measured by a standard differing somewhat from our own—regions in which account is taken of other debts than those for food and clothing, doctors' stuff and servants' wages? Have you paid those debts, O Honestus? Being human, it cannot be expected of you that you have paid them in full—but have you paid even a reasonable instalment of your obligations; or have you remembered the first half only of that most beautiful and most solemn precept, "*Owe no man anything, but to love one another?*"

Yes, justice and honesty may run riot—the strong even as the weak; but should we not be tolerant also of their excesses? You do not like that cold, stern, reserved, case-hardened man. Geniality is more pleasant; generosity is more alluring. But who knows, after all, that there may not be some soft spots beneath that coat of mail? Who knows, indeed,



that the armour has not been induced by very reason of those soft spots? Men, ere now, warned in time of their besetting infirmities, have steeled themselves against them; have curbed their errant propensities, rudely and painfully, and in their outward aspects belied their inward natures, bringing themselves to it only by habitual resistance, and that, too, of the most determined, uncompromising kind. It is the tenderest-hearted wayfarer, peradventure, who buttons his coat most securely over his waistcoat pocket and passes on most rapidly, when the voice of distress reaches him from the shadow of the house, and he feels, rather than sees, a ragged figure pursuing him along the pavement in quest of alms. He hurries on, not to escape the mendicant so much as to escape from his own propensity to give, and by giving to relieve his feelings, at the expense of his principles, and to solace himself to the injury of others. And it may be the most jovial of boon companions who refuses the proffered glass, who seems to have no good-fellowship in him. Who knows that he may not be only too good a fellow—that it may not be the constant study of his life to hold in due restraint and governance the companionable qualities, which, without such a strong hand upon them, might drag him down to destruction.

Besides, even as regards more practical manifestations, we may often be very greatly mistaken. We may know the act of generosity that was not done; but we may not know the act of greater generosity that was done—the greater sacrifice that forbade the lesser. I had a lesson of this kind taught me at school, the impression of which thirty years of active life have in no wise weakened. Our senior usher—it was a large private school—was a liberal, open-handed fellow; he dressed well, subscribed handsomely to the cricket club, and had the reputation—it was a glory, not a reproach amongst us—of being “in debt in the town.” But the second usher was an intolerable screw. He carried the fact upon his back; it spoke out from all his actions. His conduct was as shabby as his coat. Of course our notion was that he was by nature a skinflint, and that he had hoards of gold “at the bottom of his box.” He was a man otherwise of a kindly nature and a harmless way of life, so we despised rather than hated the wretch. But it came out afterwards that he had an aged mother and two sisters, relying solely for their maintenance on his scanty earnings; and the saddest thing of all was—I know nothing sadder in history—that contemplating, at the end of one half year, a pleasant surprise for these poor people, he walked home, a hundred miles under a June sun, and appeared unexpectedly among them one sultry evening, only to find that all three were helplessly drunk. Next half we had a new usher, and for a little space there was a belief amongst us that the poor fellow had saved money enough to start a school of his own; but little by little the truth, as I have told it, oozed out, with this pathetic addition, that he had gone hopelessly mad. We were very much grieved then at the rash judgments that we had passed, and we penitentially recanted by getting up a subscription, the largest ever known

in the school, which kept the poor crazy wretch—he was quite harmless—under comfortable restraint, until he died. When the Doctor's eldest son married, and we subscribed for a silver tea equipage to present to the young couple; and when that prodigal senior usher, at a later period, retiring upon his debts, and starting, upon that modest capital, a school and a wife of his own, we endowed him with a preposterous plated epergne fit for the dinner-table of a duke—we had availed ourselves of the opportunity to seek special aid from the parental purse. But in this instance it was a point of honour and of conscience with us all to make solemn sacrifice of self and to deny our appetites for the benefit of the man we had wronged; and, I am sure, let alone the satisfaction of such an atonement, that the lesson we had all learned was worth the money ten times told. Many of us, I doubt not, were sadder and wiser boys from that time. We had seen only the wrong side of the stuff of that poor second usher's beautiful generosity, and we had not thought for a moment that it had a right side, smooth to the touch, lovely to the eye, gay with many-coloured flowers and bright with tissue of gold; such as might almost form the tapestry of heaven itself. The angels saw, if we did not; and if we could only see things a little more with *their* eyes, how much less injustice would they have to write down against us!

In the case which I have cited above, the error committed, the wrong done, was of the most absolute, unqualified kind; we judged the poor man to be ungenerous and selfish, when his generosity really was of the most self-sacrificing order. We altogether blundered over the fact; but sometimes, although right in our facts, we are grievously astray in our judgments, looking only at the wrong side of the stuff, and refusing to believe that there is a right. We say that a man is obstinate; that he is stern and inflexible. But we know not, perhaps, what a noble constancy—what a high sense of justice may lie beneath those more unattractive qualities. Even truth, smooth and beautiful as it is, turns up sometimes a side harsh to the touch and uncomely to the sight. You and I may not sympathize with the Brutuses of the world: we may not have enough of the noble Roman in us to send our sons to the headsman, or to strike down our dearest friends "at the base of Pompey's statue;" but it would be wrong to close our eyes to the fact that there is nobility in such exploits. In these cases, we may fairly assume that there is self-negation of the highest order. But in others, where there is nothing to justify the question, "Had you rather that Caesar were living and die all slaves?" there may still be something to admire even in the ugliest manifestations of these sterner qualities. I have often thought whether Shakspeare intended utterly to close the hearts of his audience against that poor baffled Shylock. As for myself, I must acknowledge that I never go away altogether satisfied with the result. I have quoted already the Baconian aphorism that revenge is a kind of wild justice. I believe an ingenious essay has been written to prove that the dramatist was aided by his great contemporary in the composition of

his plays; and we might, at all events, pleasantly conjecture that these memorable words had been given by the philosopher to the poet as a subject for a drama. That Shylock had a strong sense of justice is not to be doubted. He took a strictly logical view of the matter; and was only beaten at last by a wretched quibble. I have known men who have stood out for their ounce of flesh just as tenaciously as this persecuted Israelite, and with much less excuse. I have known as stern a resolution to exact what is "nominated in the bond" beneath a waistcoat of Christian broadcloth as beneath the Jewish gabardine. Not because such men desire to injure their neighbours, but because they have an immovable conviction of what is due to themselves. What they contend for chiefly is a full acknowledgment of their rights; and, the acknowledgment once unreservedly made, they will sometimes yield the thing itself, and be generous, when justice is satisfied. I have thought sometimes whether Shylock would have taken the pound of flesh at last, if the judge had placed the knife in his hand. He might have been satisfied with his victory, and have heaped coals of fire on the Christian's head by showing that the dog he had spat upon could forgive. At all events, if I were a Hebrew, I would "adapt" the *Merchant of Venice* after that fashion. And even as a Christian I cannot help thinking that the smug Venetians, being clearly guilty of intolerance and persecution, escaped a little too easily. It may be observed that Shakspeare, even in the delineation of his worst characters, generally contrives to give us a glimpse of the right side of the stuff. Even that truculent Lady Macbeth is redeemed from utter iniquity by the "one touch of nature" which glimmers out in the exclamation,

"Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done it."

When I first addressed myself to write upon this subject, after a colloquy with one to whose suggestions I owe more than his modesty will acknowledge, I was minded to treat it in another fashion. I purposed to show the evil that there is in good, or that emanates from good, rather than "the soul of goodness in things evil." But it pleases me better, looking at the wrong side of the stuff to show that it has a right—to turn it with its bright smooth surface uppermost—than to say anything disparaging of it because there are frayed ends and unevennesses beneath. Whether this be the truer philosophy or not, I do not pretend to determine; but I am very certain that it is the pleasanter and the more encouraging. And may we not thus, looking at the matter in this more cheerful aspect, find that from the very mode and manner of our investigation there are special truths to be learnt; that there are some good practical lessons in it which we should do well not to ignore. Morally, it is right that we should judge people according to their opportunities. Legally, of course, we can take account only of results. Now the results of being *dragged up* are, doubtless, very lamentable. They are apparent in frequent appeals to the legal tribunals of the country. Under such

adverse circumstances, good is very difficult to maintain as good. It is speedily developed into evil. But who knows that still this germ of good may not lurk in the secret places of his nature, to be called forth again, in all its freshness and vitality, under wise treatment and fostering care.

If we look well into it, we may find that we have not to contend with some dominant sin, but with the misdirection of some originally good quality—that the wrong side of the stuff has turned up very early in life and obstinately remained uppermost. If we are satisfied of this, we may find the work of reformation comparatively easy. I have often thought that we take too much trouble to find out the dark spots, and, having found them, to cut them out with the knife. If we could only chance upon the bright ones, our treatment would be more simple and more pleasant. There may be, we say, beneath them—who knows?—a pure fount of good, from which may flow rivers of living waters. Let us make a channel for the stream, so that it shall pour itself in the right direction, and go rippling over golden sands and clean smooth pebbles, not slushing through mud and garbage. That young Arab cowering under a dry arch,—there has been nothing but the wrong side of the stuff for him all his life. Can we expect him to be any better than he is? But, peradventure, there is some humanity in him, if we could only find it out. And that seemingly still more hopeless subject—that hoary sinner, blear-eyed and of Vesuvian aspect, reeling out of the gin-shop, with inarticulate blasphemies in his scorched throat—he too may have some good in him; and, if we could only find it out, he would not be wholly lost. Men even in that state have been saved ere now, by an appeal, perchance Heaven-directed, to some feeling of honour and decency still alive, though long dormant, in their bosoms. “You may not believe it, but I was a gentleman once—I was, indeed!”—or words of kindred meaning—said Newman Noggs, and there was pride in the thought which lifted a corner of the tapestry, and revealed for a time the right side of the stuff. There is something to work upon when you have found the soft spot. A sweet sound, a pleasant sight, will do more than the chain or the lash to subdue the maniac to quietude; and a succession of sweet sounds and pleasant sights may bring him back to reason, which we may be sure the whip and the straight-waistcoat never will. And this is mainly because these sweet sights, these pleasant sounds supply, as it were, the long-broken link between the present and the past, and bring back lost remembrances of peace and happiness in the antecedent state. And by the same power of association, men, whose moral sense is over-cast, may be brought back to commune with themselves as they once were—may see glimmerings of bygone beatitudes, and be purified and humanized by the glimpses they have caught of a holier state of existence once theirs. If we can only succeed in turning up a corner, a very little corner of the right side of the stuff, there is good hope that we may soon see it lifted by the mild breath of favourable circumstance, rolling over, fold after fold, until we can no longer see anything of the wrong.

t is  
ood  
ain,  
e.  
end  
ood  
life  
may  
ght  
ing  
nce  
ore  
ure  
us  
ght  
les,  
ing  
the  
he  
only  
ary  
op,  
ave  
be  
an  
ney  
ieve  
fred  
aich  
e of  
the  
main  
weet  
may  
s is  
us it  
ring  
tate.  
ver-  
once  
and  
ence  
little  
soon  
over,

adverse circumstances, good is very difficult to maintain as good. It is speedily developed into evil. But who knows that still this germ of good may not lurk in the secret places of his nature, to be called forth again, in all its freshness and vitality, under wise treatment and fostering care.

If we look well into it, we may find that we have not to contend with some dominant sin, but with the misdirection of some originally good quality—that the wrong side of the stuff has turned up very early in life and obstinately remained uppermost. If we are satisfied of this, we may find the work of reformation comparatively easy. I have often thought that we take too much trouble to find out the dark spots, and, having found them, to cut them out with the knife. If we could only chance upon the bright ones, our treatment would be more simple and more pleasant. There may be, we say, beneath them—who knows?—a pure fount of good, from which may flow rivers of living waters. Let us make a channel for the stream, so that it shall pour itself in the right direction, and go rippling over golden sands and clean smooth pebbles, not slushing through mud and garbage. That young Arab cowering under a dry arch,—there has been nothing but the wrong side of the stuff for him all his life. Can we expect him to be any better than he is? But, peradventure, there is some humanity in him, if we could only find it out. And that seemingly still more hopeless subject—that hoary sinner, blear-eyed and of Vesuvian aspect, reeling out of the gin-shop, with inarticulate blasphemies in his scorched throat—he too may have some good in him; and, if we could only find it out, he would not be wholly lost. Men even in that state have been saved ere now, by an appeal, perchance Heaven-directed, to some feeling of honour and decency still alive, though long dormant, in their bosoms. “You may not believe it, but I was a gentleman once—I was, indeed!”—or words of kindred meaning—said Newman Noggs, and there was pride in the thought which lifted a corner of the tapestry, and revealed for a time the right side of the stuff. There is something to work upon when you have found the soft spot. A sweet sound, a pleasant sight, will do more than the chain or the lash to subdue the maniac to quietude; and a succession of sweet sounds and pleasant sights may bring him back to reason, which we may be sure the whip and the straight-waistcoat never will. And this is mainly because these sweet sights, these pleasant sounds supply, as it were, the long-broken link between the present and the past, and bring back lost remembrances of peace and happiness in the antecedent state. And by the same power of association, men, whose moral sense is over-cast, may be brought back to commune with themselves as they once were—may see glimmerings of bygone beatitudes, and be purified and humanized by the glimpses they have caught of a holier state of existence once theirs. If we can only succeed in turning up a corner, a very little corner of the right side of the stuff, there is good hope that we may soon see it lifted by the mild breath of favourable circumstance, rolling over, fold after fold, until we can no longer see anything of the wrong.











## I State Dinner.

---



HE solemn, pompous, and profuse banquet is a social institution of great importance. It may be likened to the old legitimate drama, which must be in five acts, or it is not legitimate. The state dinner is in five acts, and the plot is developed somewhat in this fashion:—Act 1 (after an overture of oysters, let us say).—There is not much incident, and what there is, is confined generally to the appearance, and rather

rapid disappearance, of two characters—of soup. So far there is little dialogue, but as the performance proceeds it becomes decidedly more lively. Act 2, which is played altogether by fish, is greatly relished by many people, but is generally flat. It is in Act 3 the real interest begins—a great variety of incidents, some evidently from a French source, making their *entrée*, so to speak, almost at the same time, or following one another very rapidly; and there is much curiosity and expectation as to what is coming next, some people being much perplexed as to what they should concentrate their attention upon. In Act 4 most people are able to guess what is going to happen, and the leading incidents are almost invariably of the same kind, and of a solid and heavy character, but popular nevertheless; and it is not unusual for an enthusiastic individual to encore anything he likes very much. Act 5.—The interest continues and is worked up to an almost painful degree to those whose attention has been fixed on the events from the commencement, and who may find a difficulty in keeping up with the incidents which some critics consider too numerous. There is a sparkling accompaniment the whole time—of champagne, and the curtain descends at last; in other words, the cloth is removed amid a general feeling of satisfaction—that it is over. The effect, the next morning, is sometimes less satisfactory than at the time.

It seems ungracious to complain of the extent of people's hospitality, yet the object of this chapter is to have a grumble at the enormous quantity and variety of food placed before mankind when it dines out.

Why should a weak mortal be tempted to eat more than is good for him, by having an absurd array of dishes offered to him in succession, of every one of which, perhaps, he is particularly fond? Why should he be led into partaking of half-a-dozen different liquors of the most antagonistic qualities, the imbibing of which is certain to disagree with him?

To have the means of setting before one's guests all the delicacies out of season—the youthful strawberry, or the premature pea—a week before those pleasing productions of nature are within the reach of ordinary people, is a privilege which must have charms for any well-regulated hostess's mind; but I would humbly submit that, if there was only half as much at dinner, one might be invited twice as often.

Then, if a dinner is ostentatious and grand, the guests are likely to be pompous too, and to be invited, not because they are friends, or for agreeable social qualities, but because of their rank, or fortune, or "position."

Then there can be no doubt that under these conditions gentlemen wear their neckkerchiefs stiffer and tighter than usual, supporting their chins up in the air more securely thereby, and causing in the countenance generally a constrained and painful expression of importance, and their waistcoats having an expansive and inflated appearance not to be seen in ordinary life. Breakfast has been called the pleasantest meal, because no one is conceited before one o'clock, and certainly many men's natures are changed for the worse when they change their dress.

Then all those footmen—a perfect mob of them—strolling about the room with an air of easy languor; sometimes, when inclined, handing a plate, or, perhaps, when the idea occurs, removing one, without reference to whether you are done or not, or, in the intervals of being absorbed in listening to the conversation, they may think of filling you out a glass of wine, or, perhaps, so far bring their minds to bear on what they are about as to hand you the bread.

And oh! what a depressing thing it is when you endeavour to converse with your next neighbour, and find, after starting the most various subjects, making the most abrupt transitions from one to another, in the vain hope of hitting upon her or his favourite topic, that it is impossible to elicit anything but "yes," except "no."

There is nothing for it at last but to throw your whole mind into your dinner, and to seek that consolation in eating which is denied in your neighbour's conversation.

If I were a despot of unlimited powers, I would stop all such dinners. I would say, "Let those for which the invitations are out, or the preparations made, take place, but after that let there be no more."

---



## Food—What it Does.

---

It is hard to know whether more to admire the variety of the forms under which food is supplied to the animal creation, or the simplicity of the fundamental plan. The number of nutritious substances baffles calculation, and embraces the utmost diversity of kinds, adapted to every variety of climate, circumstance, or habit. While the living organism, on the one hand, can build up a solid frame from liquid materials, on the other, it can pour iron through its veins, and reduce the hardest textures into blood. There is a squirrel in Africa that feeds on elephants' tusks; and the mark of its teeth is a welcome sight to the ivory-collector. The cunning creature selects—for there is scope for epicurism even in this hard fare—the tusks which are richest in animal matter, and which are therefore the most valuable. But under whatever diversity of form it may be presented, food is in its essential nature always the same. To give us active bodies, it must be an active substance; that is, it must consist of elements which tend to change through the operation of their chemical affinities. To furnish food for animal life is in one aspect a simple problem, though wrought out in infinite complexity. It is to provide matter in unstable equilibrium, as it is said, or constantly tending to assume new forms, like waves raised in water by the wind. Yet it must not be utterly incapable of retaining its existing form, but should be delicately balanced, as it were, so that it will admit of being transferred and moulded in various ways unaltered, and yet will undergo change immediately, when certain conditions are fulfilled. Given a substance thus composed, and there is food. For we must not limit our ideas here to that which happens to be food for us, or for the creatures likest to ourselves. Food is found by some creature or other in substances the most widely diverse. There is hardly a poison known that does not afford sustenance to some form of life. Corrosive minerals, in solution, afford nutriment to peculiar kinds of mould, or cell-plants. Even the gastric juice—the “universal solvent”—will sustain, without losing its properties, its special fungus. The fable of Mithridates, who accustomed himself to eat all deadly things with impunity, is more than realized in nature. Life, in its widest sense, almost refuses to recognize a poison. What is death to one organism supports another. Thus many diseases—an ever-increasing number of them indeed—are found to consist in the development of parasites; a new and hostile life invading the old, and flourishing in its destruction. And some of the most virulent vegetable poisons differ but slightly in composition from perfectly wholesome substances.

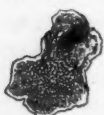
Our own food consists simply in that small portion of the substance

and the force of nature, which is brought into forms correspondent to our particular life. The plants which prepare it for us add nothing of their own, but simply bring into a special arrangement the elements which exist around them, and the force which comes to them from the sun. So far as their life lies parallel to our own they procure us food; so far as their life diverges from ours they are unavailable for our nourishment, or even fatal to our being. One special form of the action that is everywhere, is the life of our bodily frame, and the materials for it are furnished wheresoever, in plant or animal, that action exists in a kindred form. The substances thus akin to our own substance, or subservient to our own life, we have seen to fall into two or three great classes, though found in endless forms, and conveyed to us through almost innumerable channels. They are mainly the albuminous or flesh-like, the fatty, and those consisting of sugar or starch. Wherever we find these, we find food.

But in the work of maintaining life, only the first step is taken when the materials are supplied. They need also to be put into us, and this not in the common meaning of the term, according to which a dinner is reckoned to be within us when we have eaten it, but in quite another way, and one which involves a problem of no small difficulty. In strictness, that which is placed in the stomach is not within the body. That internal cavity is as truly outside of us, as the cavity contained within the folded hand. The entire alimentary tube is well known to be a prolongation of the skin, which, indeed, changes its character somewhat at the lips, but retains the same essential structure throughout all parts of the digestive system. That structure consists of a layer of membrane, covered with cells which are frequently renewed, and of which each successive generation is in its turn cast off. Both the skin and the lining of the digestive cavities are also studded with minute tubes, which are in like manner lined by cells, and in which the chief process of secretion is carried on. This is, indeed, the character of all the surfaces of the body, whether internal or external; they consist of one or more layers of membrane covered with cells.

There being this connection and resemblance between the skin and the lining membrane of the stomach, it does not surprise us to find that at first, and in its simplest forms, digestion is performed by the skin. The

Fig. 1.



*Amoeba digesting.*

lowest animal known, the *Amoeba*, takes its food through its external surface (Fig. 1), having, indeed, no internal one. It applies itself round the morsel and extemporizes its digestive organs for the occasion, putting out a process of its body, which is at once hand and stomach, whenever it is wanted. The common *Hydra* again, as is well known, feeds just the same when turned inside out; either part is skin, and either, stomach. Now man has no such faculty as this, but it remains true in his case also that the digestive membrane is but an inward skin, and, to a certain extent, similar offices are per-

formed by both. The skin, for example, absorbs certain substances applied to it in a liquid state, and it casts off excreted matters. These are two of the functions of the internal or digestive skin; but the latter has also assigned to it the task of dissolving the substances which are consumed, so that they may pass readily into the blood. It is adapted, therefore, to this end, by being more thickly studded with secreting glands. But the materials which are provided in our food, for the most part, cannot be made use of by the system, if they are directly mingled with the blood. It is true the very substances of which the blood consists are presented to us in various articles of diet; but if these be taken in a liquid form, and injected into the veins, they are cast off at once, by the secretions, unemployed. This is the case with the albumen of the egg for instance, which is yet, so far as the chemist can ascertain, almost identical with the albumen of blood. Another task is, therefore, laid upon the digestive organs, besides that of reducing the food to a liquid state, in which it can permeate the textures and find entrance into the vessels. They must impart to it qualities which fit it to join with, and become part of, the vital fluid. This is *assimilation*, or at least the first stage of it. There is a second assimilation whereby each organ and structure of the body is separately nourished from the common blood.

What a problem this is practically to solve: to take the outlying nature and build it up into the human frame, making it fill the place of the materials that are used in its life, and supply the force that is expended in its action. It is no wonder that an elaborate series of organs are provided, and that many distinct processes must co-operate, to achieve the work. And there is surely some value in a result attained at such a cost. That a man may be nourished, as the condition of his conscious life, what a multiplicity of agencies are set to work, what a lavish application of resources is made! We may well regard with a certain reverence ourselves what Nature, and the Author of Nature, have thought worthy of so much care, and have purchased at so large an expenditure of means.

The term "assimilation," as expressing the result of the digestive process, is full of significance. It implies a likeness in kind between that which is assimilated and that to which the assimilation is made; a preparedness and adaptation in the one to become the other. As George Herbert says—

"Herbs gladly heal our flesh, because that they  
Find their acquaintance there;"

so the food gladly becomes the body, finding there its own kindred. The organism which draws in nature for its support, lies parallel to the nature which supports it. But, further, assimilation implies also a gradual change, a progress from one state towards another, marked by successive stages; and this we find to be eminently characteristic of the digestive process. It is a regular series of successive operations. The food is raised into union with the new organism by definite steps, each of which has its own instruments, but all subordinate to the final and essential end—the

adding new life to the man, the perfect union of food and blood. Digestion in this is like the act of vision. The one essential for sight is the impression of a ray of light upon a nerve. In the simplest animals this is effected immediately, and without any special apparatus beyond a portion of the nervous system placed at the surface; but as we rise in the animal scale, there is interposed between the light and the nerve an optical apparatus, to modify the rays, and prepare them to fall with perfect adaptation on the more delicate and more complex nervous expanse. The mollusc sees with a mere nerve; the man requires an eye. So he requires also his digestive "eye," to refract, combine, and bring to a focus in his blood his many-coloured food.

For this purpose we carry about with us an entire laboratory: the whole armoury of the chemist is laid under contribution to furnish forth our digestive apparatus. Knives to divide, and mortars to triturate, are provided in our incisor and molar teeth; solvents and delicate re-agents in the secretions which the sight or taste of food calls forth; *baths* of exactly graduated temperature in the various cavities; and filters which strain and separate the elements in the absorbent glands. Digestion is an "organic chemistry," and these are its appliances.

And the means are especially adapted to the work in this respect, that as the food consists of various classes of substances, so the digestive agents are of various kinds. We are accustomed to speak of the gastric juice as if it were the digestive fluid; but, in truth, it is only one among several, and very probably it is not the most powerful of them. There are some elements of food over which it has no influence, and all its effects may be apparently produced by other secretions; it has been calculated, indeed, that scarcely more than half the necessary food is digested within the stomach.

The various digestive fluids are specially adapted to act upon the different kinds of food of which a perfect diet consists. Some act chiefly on the starch, converting it into sugar; and of these the saliva is the type. The gastric juice acts exclusively on the albuminous bodies; and other secretions have for their part to prepare the fatty matters for absorption. The secretions are varied in correspondence with the food.

Further, these various secretions are excited by their appropriate demand. They flow forth on the presence of food, and in quantities proportioned to the amount and need of it; obeying a vital or human order: the emotions which attend the taking of food, the taste, the sight, the thought of it, call them forth. We are conscious of this in the case of the saliva; but the same law extends to the gastric juice, and, doubtless, throughout all the series. Enjoyment promotes, loathing suspends them at every stage: they express and wait on the man, not on mere mechanical or chemical conditions. Although by means of the latter kind, such as irritation by tubes introduced into the stomach, or by forcing animals to swallow pieces of sponge, a certain amount of digestive fluid can be obtained, this is always comparatively scanty in quantity, even if it be normal in its

quality. Thus already, in this least elevated function, is exhibited the law and nature of the body: that it is the servant, not of circumstance, but of the man. It is placed under the dominion of mind. Its destiny is to be not only subservient to, but in every change and action swayed by, the mental and conscious part. It is true, indeed, that, on its side, the physical rules and controls the mental; and in a struggle, when the forces are set against each other, so far as the body is concerned, the former must prevail. Neither thought nor will can stand against starvation, intoxication, or disease; but these are relations that are abnormal. The dominion belongs of right to the higher agent, and is habitually exercised by it. Man rules his body as he rules the obedient horse or elephant, whose powers yet are greater than his own, and before whose rage he cannot stand. Thus also he subdues and uses the natural powers, before the might of which he is but as an infant. The healthful attitude of the body is that of perfect obedience to and expression of the mind; its momentary state varies, throughout, with the momentary changes of the soul. As we see the shades of emotion write themselves upon the countenance, they write themselves by delicate variations on every inward organ and hidden function too.

Digestion consists of two parts—the solution and transformation of the food, and its absorption into the system. The former of these commences the moment the food enters the mouth, in the outflow of the saliva to meet it. A chief part of the office of this fluid is thoroughly to moisten the food, and prepare it for being swallowed; and with an evident adaptation to this purpose, it consists of a mixture of three distinct fluids, with different sources and characters. One portion of it is a thin, watery fluid, and this is thoroughly mixed with the food in mastication; another portion is of a more viscid nature, and serves to lubricate the morsel, and facilitate the act of swallowing. These are poured into the mouth at its anterior and posterior portions respectively. The saliva is furnished partly by special glands situated within or near the mouth, and partly by the lining membrane of the cheeks, which is studded all over with minute tubes for this purpose.

The quantity of saliva secreted amounts, in a hearty and well-fed man, to about three pounds (or pints) a day, though it varies greatly with the kind of food; when that is hard or dry, much more than an equal weight of saliva is mingled with it. Thus it has been found by experiments on horses, that with every 100 parts of hay consumed there were mingled 400 of saliva, but for 100 parts of green stalks and leaves only 49 parts of saliva were furnished. Bernard administered to a horse a pound of oats, in order to ascertain the rapidity with which mastication

Fig. 2.



Part of one of the Salivary Glands, magnified.

would naturally be accomplished. It was thoroughly masticated and swallowed at the end of nine minutes. Part of the saliva was then prevented from flowing into the mouth, by dividing the duct of the parotid gland, and another pound of oats was given to the animal; it ate with difficulty, and the swallowed portions were dry and brittle; at the end of twenty-five minutes it had masticated and swallowed only about three-quarters of the quantity which it had previously disposed of in nine minutes. Our own experience also teaches us how tardily mastication goes on when the saliva is wanting. The dry mouth of fever sufficiently forbids solid food.

But the saliva has another office besides this mechanical one of aiding mastication. It is strictly a digestive fluid, and produces a change in the constitution of the food itself. That is to be "educated into blood. It is the new guest to be inaugurated into the duties of the household; the blood is the royal table itself; and the saliva is the commissioned master of the ordinances, who busies himself to instruct the new-comer in the laws of the place, and in the conditions of its hospitality." But the part the saliva plays, as a digestive fluid, is curious. The chief and most essential elements of food are the albuminous substances, and the preparing them for reception into the blood, is in some sense the chief end of the entire process. But this is not the first thing done: the saliva has no action on the albuminous portions of food; nor does it even affect the fat, the substance second in importance. Its operation is confined to one of the subordinate elements; it converts starch into sugar, fitting it thus both for immediate absorption, and for future changes within the body. In short, the saliva brings into a state of readiness the force-producing portion of the food; its office seems to be to make preparation before the main work begins:—surely a type, in this, of the long prevision and foreworking of which the organic world is full. The saliva ensures that, on a mixed diet, a certain supply of force-producing matter should be available from the first commencement of the digestive process.

The conversion of starch into sugar by the saliva commences with great rapidity, if the starch is thoroughly dissolved. A certain amount of sugar thus produced has been detected in the course of half a minute. It is a curious fact, that no single one of the fluids of which the saliva is composed will have this effect. If the product of either of the salivary glands be taken alone, it has no influence on starch; the peculiar power seems to depend upon the admixture of the mucus of the mouth with the saliva proper. But though the transformation of starch by the saliva begins very rapidly, it is carried to only a small extent: the gastric juice interrupts it, probably through its acidity, the saliva being always, during digestion, slightly alkaline. The chief part of the starch taken as food, therefore, when it is consumed in any quantity, passes unchanged through the stomach, and undergoes its final conversion into sugar by means of other fluids, especially that secreted by the pancreas (or sweetbread).

But the use of the saliva is not yet exhausted. Its continued passage



into the stomach has been observed to increase the secretion of the gastric juice, so that it appears indirectly to aid the process of stomach digestion. And the wonderful sympathy which exists between the various portions of the digestive apparatus, is indicated by the fact that the artificial introduction of starch into the stomach, through an opening in its walls (no food having been taken by the mouth), has been found to excite a larger flow of saliva than the introduction in a similar way of flesh, on which the saliva has no action. The saliva, it is well known, contains air, which gives to it its frothy appearance, and it is possible that its favourable influence upon digestion may be partly due to its conveying a small amount of air into the stomach.

The food, then, reduced to a state of fine division by the teeth, and moistened by saliva, is conveyed by the motions of the tongue and cheeks to the back part of the mouth, and there seized by the muscular bands which form the moving "pillars" (as they are termed) of the throat. Once having reached this spot, its future movements are beyond our control. Swallowing is one of the involuntary actions, which we can excite by bringing food or liquid into contact with the muscles concerned in the act, but are then powerless either to prevent or to direct. Conveyed by successive, wavelike contractions of the esophagus, or gullet (which may be well seen in a horse while drinking), the morsels of food pass into the next receptacle, the stomach.

In man this organ is a membranous bag of irregularly oval shape. It is furnished at its upper and lower openings with distinct muscular rings, which open or close the cavity in either direction as required. In fact, the stomach in all essential respects may be regarded as a second mouth. It has its lips which open to admit, and close to retain, the food, which the muscles of the throat, like hands, present to it; like those of the mouth, its walls are muscular, and roll the food from side to side, and from part to part, till it is thoroughly mingled with the secretion that is appointed to dissolve it; it is bounded below by another muscle, like the pillars of the throat, which at the fitting time seizes and carries onwards those portions of the food which are prepared for the succeeding stages of their progress. And to make the parallel complete, the stomach of many animals, though not of man—the crab is a familiar instance—is armed with teeth. Its inner coat, in the natural and healthy state, is of a light or pale pink colour, varying in its hue at different times, being darkest during the process of secretion. It is of a soft or velvet-like appearance, and is covered with a thin transparent mucus.

The special function of the stomach is to dissolve and otherwise change the albuminous portion of the food; and for this purpose it pours forth in a truly amazing quantity a fluid of remarkable character. The secretion of gastric juice in a healthy adult man weighing ten stone has been estimated, by careful observers, taking the amount secreted in a given time and under varying conditions as the basis of their calculation, at as much as thirty-seven pounds in each twenty-four hours. Nor is this

estimate incredible, although that amount considerably exceeds the entire weight of the blood, when we consider that the secreted fluid is speedily re-absorbed, and that the total quantity may express the result of a rapid circulation, the amount present in the stomach at any one time not exceeding a few ounces. Other observers, however, have placed the quantity at less than half this amount; and the question is evidently one not easy absolutely to decide.

Indeed, it may well be asked, how any knowledge at all can be gained on such a point, at least in respect to man; the stomach being an organ hidden from our sight and cut off from our manipulation. However, besides artificial openings made by experimenters into the stomachs of animals, accidental apertures have been formed into or near those of human beings. Of the latter, two cases have been carefully observed—the well-known one of Alexis St. Martin, the Canadian, experimented on and described by Dr. Beaumont of the United States army, and more recently by Dr. E. H. Rogers; and an Estonian peasant woman, Catherine Kütt by name, who has been under the observation of various physicians in Germany.\*

By observations thus made, the gastric juice is found to be “a clear colourless fluid, inodorous, a little saltish, and very perceptibly acid. It possesses the property of coagulating albumen in an eminent degree; is powerfully antiseptic, checking the putrefaction of meat; and effectually restorative of healthy action, when applied to ulcerating surfaces.” It holds in solution a small amount of a peculiar animal substance, upon which its power of dissolving and otherwise changing the food depends. In this respect, indeed, all the digestive fluids are alike, and the peculiar powers of each seem to be chiefly dependent on the animal matter they contain in solution. These substances may be separated and dried, like yeast, and will exert their powers on being redissolved, even after a long interval. They seem, indeed, to act in a similar manner to what are termed “ferments,” exciting decomposition by being themselves in a state of change.

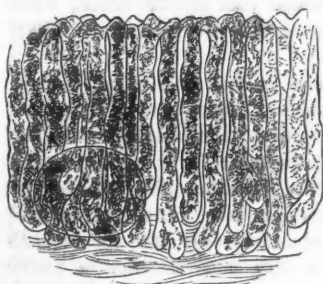
The substance of this class which is contained in the gastric juice is termed “pepsin:” it may be separated as a greyish mass, or by macerating in water the lining membrane of the stomach of a pig, or of the fourth stomach of a calf, a similar substance may be procured. This, when purified and redissolved in water, with the addition of a few drops of certain acids—the acid of common salt, or that which forms in sour milk—produces an artificial gastric juice, which will dissolve meat, or bread,

\* Dr. Beaumont's little volume, *Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice and the Physiology of Digestion*, was republished in England, with notes, by Dr. Combe, and although all his observations have not been confirmed, and some of his opinions are certainly not true, it is exceedingly interesting to all who are desirous of knowledge on the subject of which it treats. In the case of Alexis St. Martin the stomach was laid open by a gun-shot wound, and remained only partially closed, with a valvular aperture.

or other articles of food. One part of pepsin dissolved even in 60,000 parts of acidulated water, will have this effect. But it must be kept at a temperature about the same as that of the stomach, or nearly 100° Fahrenheit.

The following is one of Dr. Beaumont's experiments :—After St. Martin had fasted seventeen hours, Dr. Beaumont withdrew from his stomach one ounce of gastric juice, put into it a solid piece of boiled, recently salted beef weighing three drachms, and placed the vessel which contained them in water heated to 100°. In forty minutes digestion had distinctly commenced over the surface of the meat; in fifty minutes, the fluid had become quite opaque and cloudy, and the external texture began to become loose; in two hours, the fibres of the meat were entirely separated; and after the lapse of ten hours the whole was dissolved. A similar piece of beef was at the same time suspended in the stomach by means of a thread: at the expiration of the first hour it was changed in about the same degree as the meat digested artificially; but at the end of the second hour it was completely digested and gone. Thus the same process which

Fig. 3.



Section of the Wall of the Stomach, showing the Glands.

Fig. 4.



Gland which secretes the Gastric Juice.

takes place within the stomach may be imitated in part outside of the body; and that the results are similar to a certain extent is proved by the fact, that albumen which has been thus acted upon is retained when injected into the veins, and is not cast off by the secretions, as it is when injected in its unaltered state.

The gastric juice is secreted from the membrane lining the stomach by minute glands, which are thickly studded over its lower part. These glands consist of tubes, extending through the thickness of the membrane, and lined with cells. They are more developed in some other animals than in man; the woodcut Fig. 4 represents them in the pig, greatly magnified. They branch at their

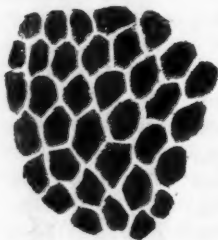
lower portion, and contain round cells of a larger kind ; and in these it is that the gastric juice appears to be formed.

There is another form of gland contained within the stomach, consisting of branched or simple tubes very similar to the former, except that they are shorter, and do not contain the peculiar larger form of cell. These are situated more at the upper portion of the organ, and secrete not gastric juice, but a simple mucous fluid, which serves to moisten and protect the membrane, and is always present. The gastric juice, on the other hand, is poured out, naturally, only on the introduction of food; the membrane then becomes red and turgid, raised points make their appearance, and the secretion soon begins to collect in small limpid drops upon its surface. The internal aspect of the stomach presents a network of minute ridges (Fig. 6.), in the interspaces of which the mouths of the glands are situated; and its entire structure is permeated with minute vessels, which pass into the ridges on its surface, and ramify thickly around its glands.



Simple Gland of the Stomach.

The secretion of gastric juice is affected by various circumstances. Impressions on the mouth have an influence upon it, as we have seen that impressions on the stomach in like manner affect the mouth. Thus Blondlot (who first adopted the plan of making artificial openings into the stomachs of animals) observed that when sugar was introduced directly into the stomach of a dog, a very small secretion of gastric juice ensued; but when the dog had himself masticated and swallowed it, the secretion was abundant.



Surface of the Stomach.

Cold water introduced into the stomach renders it pale for a time, and diminishes its secretion, but this soon returns more freely. Ice, however, in large quantity, checks it for a long period, as also do all kinds of irritating agents. And the effect of painful mental states in interfering with digestion are explained by their visible influence upon the organ. It was noticed by Dr. Beaumont, in the case of St. Martin, that irritation of the temper, and other moral causes, would frequently diminish, or altogether suspend, the supply of the gastric fluids. The effect was similar to that of febrile action, or of over fatigue. And anxiety, anger, or vexation occurring at the commencement of digestion, even though themselves but temporary, showed

their effect during the entire process. Anger especially caused an influx of bile into the stomach.

The action of the stomach is chiefly exerted upon the albuminous articles of the food. These, or at least a portion of them, it reduces to a liquid form, and alters in certain respects, especially rendering them more freely soluble in water. On the starch, or sugar, or other such substances the food may contain, the gastric juice exerts no influence; nor has it much evident action on the fat, though it is said by Dr. Marcet to effect a change in it which prepares it for digestion by the fluid appointed for that task—the pancreatic juice, and perhaps the bile. As the result of the action of the stomach, the food is reduced to a greyish, semi-fluid mass—the chyme—which gradually passes through the lower orifice of the organ. The muscle which guards this orifice seems to be endowed, during the earlier stages of digestion, with a peculiar sensibility, which enables it to transmit the fluid portions of the contents of the stomach and to refuse the solid; but as the digestion approaches its termination, this sensibility passes off, and the entire contents of the organ are suffered to escape.

During digestion the stomach is in continual motion, and its movements are essential to the discharge of its office, serving to bring the gastric juice into contact with every portion of its contents. They are effected by means of two layers of muscular fibres, one of which passes irregularly around the circumference of the organ, and the other runs longitudinally from end to end. The motions are intermittent, and pass downwards in regular waves, commencing at the entrance of the stomach, and becoming much more energetic as they approach the lower portion. The result of these movements is, as pointed out by Dr. Brinton, to carry the food in two currents, at once onward in the direction of the movement, and back again, at the same time; the former current occupying the sides of the cavity, and the latter its centre. It is just such a movement as that which would be given to a fluid in a closed cavity by pressing down upon it a piston with an aperture in the centre. Thus a series of revolutions is performed by the food, during which its intermingling with the secreted fluid is perfectly effected.

During the entire period of stomach digestion the walls of that cavity are closely applied, and, as it were, fitted to its contents, contracting as they diminish. When additional food is taken shortly after a meal, the added portion passes into the centre of the mass that already occupies the organ; it soon, however, becomes indistinguishable from the rest.

How long a time does digestion in the stomach occupy? Various experimenters have endeavoured to answer this question, and to determine the relative digestibility of different articles of food, by observing the period at which the stomach becomes empty after they have been taken. Dr. Beaumont's tables on this point have been often quoted. He found that the time required for the complete disappearance of a meal from the stomach of St. Martin, varied from an hour to five hours and a half, according to the kind of food consumed. Pig's feet, tripe, and boiled rice

stand at the head of the list, being disposed of in an hour; trout, sweet raw apples, and venison steak follow, occupying an hour and a half; boiled milk took two hours, unboiled a quarter of an hour more; eggs occupied the same time, but the case was reversed—they were soonest disposed of raw; roasted turkey took two hours and a half; roast beef and mutton, three hours and three hours and a quarter respectively; veal, salt beef, and *boiled chicken*, were not disposed of till four hours (longer than potatoes!); and roasted pork enjoyed the bad pre-eminence of demanding five hours and a quarter.

Other observers, however, have come to different conclusions; and one of the last writers on the subject says, very unsatisfactorily—"It is sufficient to quote the opinion of Blondlot, who obtained such very indefinite and unconvulsive results, that he was led to express the view that the digestibility of different articles of food depends solely on the state of the stomach at the time of the experiment, and that it is pure waste of time to labour at the determination of the digestibility of individual articles of food."\* It is probable that within certain limits this is true, and that we must rely upon experience and good sense for guidance in this respect, rather than on specific rules.

There can be little doubt that variety is better than any kind of theoretically digestible uniformity of diet. It is not unlikely, besides, that the shortness of the time during which an article of food remains in the stomach may be a very unsafe measure of its digestibility. Probably the less digestible any substance is in the stomach, the more speedily it may be passed on to the succeeding organs, and that a longer continuance there might indicate a more complete susceptibility to the action of the gastric juice. Dr. Beaumont himself records evidence of this. He says:—"Vegetables are generally slower of digestion than meats and farinaceous substances, though they sometimes pass out of the stomach before them, in an undigested state. Crude vegetables are allowed, even when the stomach is in a healthy state, sometimes to pass its orifice, while other food is retained there to receive the solvent action of the gastric juice. This may depend upon their comparative indigestibility."

There are, however, some experiments, made by Büsch on the woman before referred to as having an accidental orifice near the stomach, which throw some further light upon the question. In her case it was found that boiled eggs began to pass from the stomach in from twenty to thirty-five minutes; flesh, in from twenty-two to thirty minutes; cabbage, in from fifteen to nineteen minutes; potatoes, after fifteen minutes; and parsnips, after twelve. On examining the proportion of matter that had been absorbed in each case, it was found that flesh was more digestible than eggs, that parsnips were more digestible than potatoes, and potatoes than cabbage. But, whatever may be the nature of the food, the more thoroughly it is masticated, the more readily it is digested. The facility

---

\* Dr. Day, *Physiological Chemistry*.

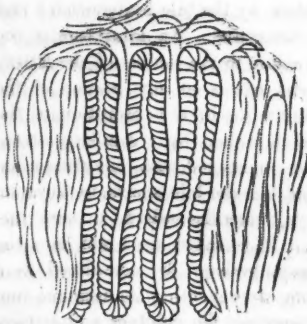


with which it is dissolved is regulated by the readiness with which, by its minute division, the solvent fluid can obtain access to every part.

The gastric juice, as may be supposed, will dissolve the stomach itself, if there be any present in it at the time of death. But it will digest living substances as well as dead ones. This has been put to the test by means of frogs, the hind limbs of which have been introduced into the stomachs of animals, and digested while their owners were alive. It is clear, therefore, that the presence of "life" is not a preservative against digestion; and the mere fact of the stomach being living does not account for its resistance to the action of its own secretion. The difficulty has been met by the supposition that the organ is continually dissolved by the gastric juice, but is continually reproduced—that the growth compensates for the loss. Perhaps, however, it is not absolutely necessary to take this view, which implies a destruction and renewal, in this organ, of immense and unparalleled rapidity. Different parts of the body have a different susceptibility to various influences; and it may be that the changes which the stomach naturally undergoes, during life, are of such a kind as to counterbalance those which its own secretion would otherwise excite within it. Its vital changes may *stop* digestion, as the action of the gastric juice *stops* putrefaction. The possible growth of a fungus in the gastric juice itself, shows how this may be. The stomach may have a mode of vital action to which the gastric juice may act as a stimulant rather than as a destroyer.

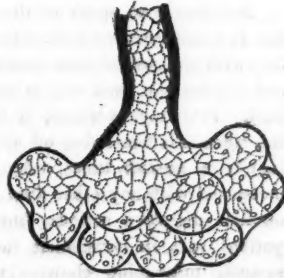
The food is not only dissolved more or less completely in the stomach, it is partly absorbed into the blood also; liquids being rapidly taken up

Fig. 7.



Glands lining the Intestinal Canal.

Fig. 8.



Glands found in the neighbourhood of the Stomach.

by the vessels which ramify upon its walls. But by far the larger portion is transmitted from the stomach for further elaboration. The whole extent of the digestive canal is lined with glands, which pour out a secretion hardly less powerful than the gastric juice itself, and which seems, unlike that fluid, to affect *all* the elements of the food.

By means of this secretion the solution and elaboration of the digested matter is brought to its final completion; but two special organs also bear a part in the process. These are the pancreas (or sweetbread) and the liver. The former, which is placed immediately beneath the stomach, in its structure, and partly in its office, resembles the salivary glands. Like them, it converts starch into sugar; but it also reduces the fat into a state of minute division, which prepares it for being absorbed. The peculiar milky appearance of the chyle is due to the fat contained in the food being thus brought into the condition of an emulsion, by the secretion of the pancreas. Whether that organ has the power of dissolving albuminous substances is not yet quite decided. Its characters seem to connect it much more closely with the salivary glands than with any others, and it seems also to have an intimate sympathetic relation with them, so that in disease of the pancreas a profuse flow of saliva is a common symptom. The quantity of the pancreatic secretion has been estimated at about ten pounds a day, but this is probably an extreme amount. It is curious to observe that while the gastric juice is decidedly acid, the fluids with which the food next comes into contact are alkaline. It is thus submitted to the operation alternately of alkaline, acid, and again of alkaline secretions. In the herbivora there is also a second acid juice. The reason of these alternations is not known, but it can hardly be doubted that they serve to make the digestion of the food more perfect. And although the solvent power of the gastric juice is placed in abeyance when its acidity is neutralized by the alkaline fluids, yet it appears to be the case here, as in respect to the saliva, that effects are produced by the mixture of the various secretions which are poured together into the digestive tube, that would not result from either alone.

It remains to speak of the part taken by the bile in digestion; and this is a matter of no little difficulty to determine. An admixture of the bile with the gastric juice seems to put a stop to the action of the latter; nor has the bile itself any evident solvent action on any portion of the food. Probably, however, it materially assists in the absorption of the fat, since it is found that oil will rise much higher (by "capillary attraction") in minute tubes, when they are moistened with bile than when moistened with any other fluid. Beyond this the bile seems to have no obvious digestive action; but it plays, notwithstanding, a very important part in nourishing the body. It is taken up again into the system, undergoing changes which may, perhaps, be considered as a digestion of the bile itself. The effects of preventing its entrance into the digestive canal, which is done by opening the gallduct and causing the bile to flow externally, are thus described by Dr. Dalton:—"Two dogs were the subjects of the experiment; both of them died, one at the end of twenty-seven, the other at the end of thirty-six days. The symptoms were constant and progressive emaciation, which proceeded to such a degree that nearly every trace of fat disappeared from the body. The loss of flesh amounted, in one case, to more than two-

fifths, in the other to nearly one-half the entire weight of the animal. There was also a falling off of the hair, and an unusually disagreeable odour in the breath. Notwithstanding this, the appetite remained good; digestion was not essentially interfered with. There was no pain, and death took place at last without any violent symptoms, but by a simple and gradual failure of the vital powers."

May we not reasonably believe, therefore, that the bile should be classed with the force-producing substances, having, for part of its office, to undergo decomposition, and so to furnish a power for the development, and elevation in the scale of life, of certain portions of the food? For this must never be lost sight of in considering the problem of digestion, that the food is to be conveyed into the system without loss of the force which it contains, and which, under similar circumstances out of the body, it very speedily does lose. It is not suffered to *fall* or decay, but is incorporated with the body still in its living state. The ball is kept in the air during the whole process. Nay, more, in digestion the food has to be *raised*, and carried up to a higher vital level: the blood is more living than the substances from which it is formed. And for this purpose force is needed, which can be derived only from the decomposition of some substance within the body. It is probable, therefore, that the bile which disappears within the digestive tube is consumed in raising the food, or making it more living. If this be so, the languor and debility which attend derangement of the biliary system receive in part an easy explanation. The daily quantity of bile secreted in an adult man is estimated at about two pounds and a half.

Through the agency of these various secretions the food, of whatever materials it may have consisted, is reduced to the form of a thin greyish fluid of uniform appearance. At the same time, there goes on a process of remarkable character, and of which the perfect explanation cannot yet be given—that of absorption, by which the contents of the alimentary tube find entrance into the blood. To effect this, a beautiful law is called into operation—the law that if two fluids of unequal density be separated by an animal membrane, they will, with few exceptions, pass through the membrane, and mingle with each other. Thus, for example, if a solution of sugar be divided from pure water by a portion of bladder, the water enters into and dilutes the syrup, while a little of the syrup also passes into the water; and this interchange will take place with considerable force, so that a column of fluid may be raised by it to a height of several inches. It is evident that this law (called by its discoverer, Dutrochet, the law of endosmose) is susceptible of a wide application to the vital actions. It furnishes the explanation of a large part of the process of absorption, both in animals and vegetables. Professor Graham has shown that a decomposition of the interposed membrane is an essential step in the process when it occurs out of the body, and probably minute changes of structure are concerned in it in the living organs also. Thus we see one use of that tendency to change which is

universal throughout the animal structures. The vital interchange of fluids depends upon it.

Further, in this law of endosmose may be seen a reason for the vast quantity of the fluids which are poured into the digestive cavities after every meal to effect the solution of the food. The passage of fluids through animal membranes is usually most free on the part of that which is the less dense. Water, for example, passes much more readily into syrup, under these circumstances, than the syrup passes into the water. Accordingly, the great dilution of the digested food directly favours its entrance into the blood.

But whatever material enters the system from the stomach, or other part of the digestive tube, is submitted to still another process of elaboration, before it is counted fit for the nourishment of the body. It passes through "glands" of peculiar character, the operation of which, though not yet understood, is evidently of the utmost necessity in the preparation of the new matter for its work. Part of it passes through the liver, part through a series of small glands resembling those which occur in the arm-pit or the neck, and are so well known through their tendency to become enlarged and painful in weak states of health, or after injuries. How far the influence exerted on the absorbed matter by these latter organs, and by the liver, is of a similar kind, it is hard to say; different portions of the food are submitted to the action of each. That which passes through the liver is conveyed to it by the blood-vessels, and consists mainly of the albuminous materials and the sugar; that which passes through the small scattered glands contains the chief part of the fat, and is taken up by minute vessels distributed throughout the whole length of the digestive tube, and known by the name of "lacteals." This name they have received from the milky appearance given by the minutely divided fat to the chyle which they convey.

Through these two channels, then—the veins and the lacteals—the dissolved and digested food is carried; first to certain glands, then into the general blood, and passed on through the heart into the lungs, there to undergo further changes, into which it is not our present business to inquire. In the work of absorption, the veins are the chief agents; the lacteals, though apparently the specially appointed instruments, play a less considerable part.\* The veins begin to take up the liquid portions of the food from its first introduction into the stomach, and their action continues as long as any part of it is presented to them in a fluid form. These veins, thus charged with new material, unite to form a large trunk, which enters the liver at its lower part. From the blood thus supplied the bile is secreted; and other processes, yet unexplored, are carried on within the same organ, one result of which is the formation of a large quantity of sugar (or, at least, of a substance that rapidly changes into sugar after death), although neither sugar nor starch may have been contained in the

\* The lacteals only *seem* to be specially contrived instruments for the absorption of food; they are, in truth, simply a part of a system of minute absorbent vessels distributed almost universally through the body.

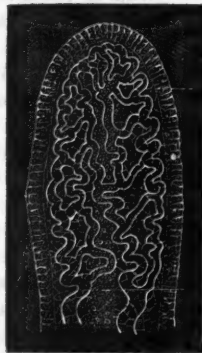
food. What effect these processes have upon the newly forming blood, we cannot be said to know, yet surely we can hardly doubt that their result is to intensify and perfect its life—to raise it into a condition in which it embodies more force, and therefore is more living. In the giving off of bile and in the production of sugar, alike, we may see evidence of changes adapted to produce this effect. One part of the blood sinks, or falls, into bile or into sugar; these are less living than the blood—they contain less vital force; then, must not the remaining portion of the blood be rendered more living, made to possess a greater tension of the vital force, by their formation? One part may grow by the decay of another part, as we see in the law of nature everywhere around us. Is it not also the law within? The child's see-saw embodies the same law—one part falls, the other rises.

But quitting that portion of the food which enters the blood through the veins and the liver, we come back to that other part which finds its path through the absorbent or lacteal vessels, and the small glands scattered along their course. These vessels commence in minute conical projections, termed *villi*, which are thickly set over the whole length of the digestive tube, and give it its velvety appearance. Fig. No. 9 is a magnified representation of one of them. These villi are covered with cells, and within them are contained numerous small blood-vessels, with the commencement of the lacteal lying in the centre. This latter vessel is not open at its mouth, but commences in one or more closed extremities.

Small as they are, the villi contain muscular fibres, arranged around the central vessel, which give them a distinct contractile motion, and doubtless assist in the absorption and propagation of the chyle. To this end, also, the movements of the digestive tube itself largely contribute; these movements are of a regular and rhythmical kind, proceeding by a gradual creeping contraction, at intervals, throughout its entire length. They are produced by two layers of muscular fibres arranged, as in the case of the stomach, one around, the other in the length of, the canal.

Absorption is effected by means of the cells by which the villi are covered. During digestion these cells may be seen to contain minute particles, probably of fat, in transit towards the lacteal vessel within. Fig. No. 10 represents them in their empty state, and when absorbing

Fig. 9.



Villus.

a. Layer of Cells. b. Vessels.  
c. Commencement of Lacteal.

Fig. 10.



a. The Cells empty.  
b. Absorbing Food.

food. Connected with the lacteals are numerous roundish bodies occurring either separately or in groups. These are found throughout the entire digestive tube, though they are fewest in the stomach, and seem to be the first of the series of glands through which the chyle passes on its way into the blood. They are about a thirtieth of an inch in diameter, and consist of a mass of cellular pulp freely permeated by vessels. Fig. No. 11 is a

Fig. 11.

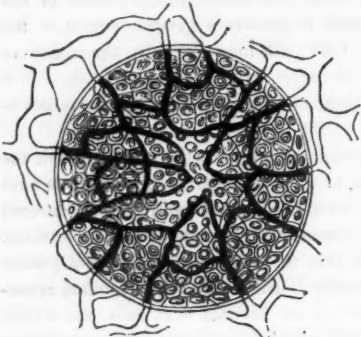
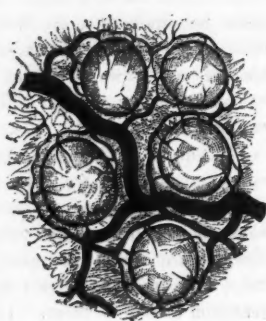


Fig. 12.



representation of one of these bodies, and No. 12 shows the arrangement of the vessels among the groups in which they frequently occur.

Fig. 13.



Course of the Thoracic Duct.

- a. Lacteals.
- b. Receptacle of the Chyle.
- c. Entrance of the Duct into the Vein.

Passing onwards, the various lacteal vessels are carried through a series of glands (essentially resembling those above described), in which they subdivide and reunite, but the precise effect of which upon their contents is at present only matter of conjecture. They converge into a small expansion, called "the receptacle of the chyle," situated on the front of the spinal column, and from thence there proceeds upwards a larger vessel, about the size of a crow's quill, called the "thoracic duct." This duct opens at the root of the neck, on the left side, into a vein coming from the head, and its contents are thus soon carried to the heart. The course of the thoracic duct is represented in Fig. 13. As the chyle passes along this vessel it continues to undergo changes; the fat diminishes, cells make their appearance, and grow more and more like the globules of the blood. And before it enters the circulation the chyle becomes so far blood-like in its qualities that it will coagulate slightly if withdrawn.

This is what becomes of the food. Various



changed by the secretions and the glands appointed for that purpose, it is poured into the blood. It has become part of that river of Life from which the body ever rises afresh; shaming by reality the ancient dream. The lowest facts lay hold of the loftiest truths. The food is buried in the blood, and raised to a new life in every organ of the frame.

It must be raised. Entombed, a living corpse within a living sepulchre, the life that is hidden in it must break forth in visible and active forms. Not more surely is the Divine promise pledged to raise up again His dead, than the Divine law stands bound to restore, in active life, to nature the power she renders up to nourish living things. Written on tables of stone wherever a particle of matter may be found, written on fleshly tables wherever life rejoices, this law stands paramount and fixed: Whatever thing is given up shall be restored again; nor shall any say, I have made the Maker rich. Value for value, force for force, all shall be rendered back. Flaw or defect, here, no man has found; no man shall ever find. The perfect law of justice aways the quivering beam of life, changing with every breath, thrilling with every thought. Life trembles—as the balance trembles. The strong law that is in it sports in the disguise of weakness; but he that would bend it measures his strength against the universe.

The food *must* nourish the body. There is that within it which compels growth, and makes action a necessity. We err when we think of ourselves as appropriating, using, living upon that which we eat. We take, indeed, the active part in procuring and consuming it, but not beyond; in the added life which follows, we are passive. We do not "live upon" the food, but the food lives in us. The body is but a theatre on which it may exhibit its latent powers; powers stored up by patient chemistry, day by day, from warmth and light, and vagrant currents of electric force. Brought into union with the animal structure, these forces, thus bound up in the food, pour their energy through new channels; but they are the same forces still, and they constitute its life. Through these it lives and grows; through these it is strong to act. The materials wherewith the House of Life is built need not to be laboriously moulded by extraneous force; they place their own powers at our bidding, and gather *themselves* to our substance. The food actively builds itself into our frame, and brings its ready service to our need. It is thus the body grows; a temple—meet image of the highest Temple—made without hands, and built of living stones.

---

## Prospects of the International Exhibition in 1862.

THE world is invited for a second time to show in London the aspect of its artistic and industrial condition. It has taken just three years to concoct the invitation. It has not been accomplished by imperial decree: government has not been asked to assist, and public taxes have not been drawn upon for a subsidy; but a private society—the Society of Arts—which is a sort of parliament for “arts, manufactures, and commerce,” elected by some thousand voluntary constituents, who qualify themselves by an annual payment of two guineas—meeting weekly in a small street in the Adelphi, announced the idea in April, 1858; and in spite of all kinds of difficulties, apathy, hostility, hesitation, and timidity, has made the idea a practical reality. Some hundreds of believers have shown their faith in it, by offering their responsibility for sums varying from one hundred to ten thousand pounds, which now amount in the aggregate to more than four hundred thousand pounds, and entrusting the management to five men of mark:—the Earl Granville, a Cabinet Minister, and vice-president of the former Exhibition; Lord Chandos, as representing the railways; Mr. T. Baring, M.P., a London merchant of the first rank; Mr. Wentworth Dilke, one of the “executive” in 1851; and Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, chairman of the Manchester Art Exhibition. The sanction of the Crown has been given through a charter. The coffers of the Bank of England are opened, and ready to advance a quarter of a million. The site for the building, appropriately enough, secured by the surplus profit of the Exhibition of 1851, has been obtained, and the Parks will not be invaded. Plans for the building have been settled, without a delay of seven months, as in 1850. The contracts are made and the foundations are laid. And the Commissioners have issued their “decisions,” which state the broad principles on which the Exhibition will be conducted.

The Exhibition is to be opened on the 1st May, 1862. In spite of workmen's strikes? Yes—for payment by the hour has put down the nonsense of ten hours' pay for nine hours' work. In spite of war? Yes, unless the Commissioners proclaim that England is unable to do what France has done again and again. Was not the Crimean war going on in 1855? and did not France hold its fourteen Exhibitions of Industry without fail from 1798 to 1855? No doubt, war is paralyzing; but because soldiers and sailors fight, as is *their* business, is the agriculturist to stop tillage, and the manufacturer to shut up his workshops? Are railways to run no longer, and artists to cease painting? Are arts, manufactures, and commerce all to stand still? Rather let them strive all the more to assert their own cause. England now is not very likely to be

invaded, and she cannot be at war with the whole world at one time; and most probably would remain passive if others fight. Her colonies and some nations would surely have productions to send. And if war should unhappily arise, let the diplomatists be taught by public opinion that goods and visitors coming to an International Exhibition ought to be safe from molestation or capture. It might be worth while holding a congress to discuss the point, before war breaks out. If it be out of the province of the Commissioners for the Exhibition to propose the suggestion to her Majesty's Government, or the proposition appear too novel to old world diplomatists, let the Society of Arts, as the protector of International Exhibitions, discuss it and take action.

Putting aside the contingency of war, what promise of success do the Commissioners' decisions hold out? Pictures, rather illogically excluded from the Exhibition of 1851, will be very properly introduced. There will be a gallery of nobler proportions and better lighted than the Louvre itself, in which the modern art of all nations is to be represented. It will extend 1,200 feet along the new road at South Kensington, named after "Cromwell," which is cut through the plantations of Canning's late house. Modern art in England will show its progress from 1762, and the pictures of Hogarth and Reynolds and Gainsborough will be included. Each foreign country will determine for itself what are the limits of its modern art; and by a little stretching, which no one will grumble at, Florence, having no "modern art," may send a few specimens by its holy monk—Angelico—from the walls of the Academia, rather than such copies as were sent to Paris in 1855. Paintings will be a great additional attraction. In Paris you had to cross the road from the *Annexe*, by the Seine, to get at them, and a separate entrance fee was charged. And, owing to these two causes, whilst there were 3,626,934 visits to the works of industry, there were only 906,530 to the fine arts. In 1862 you will be able, if the Commissioners please, to pass from the pictures at once into the Industrial Exhibition, and let us hope that only one payment will be charged.

The Commissioners say, "All works of industry to be exhibited should have been produced since 1850." So that the Exhibition will be one showing the progress made during the last ten years. This decision was necessary to carry out the principle of a *decennial* Exhibition—an Exhibition of *progress*. Progress must, therefore, be left free to manifest itself, and the Commissioners should not fix any arbitrary limits to any of the sections or classes. It is known thus early that exhibitors will demand much more space than can be given, and this will have to be reduced probably by the same process as in 1851; but with this difference, that the demands of the exhibitors should determine the proportionate allotments of space to each class, and not any arbitrary process. In 1851, the Exhibition being the first, it was judged advisable to *make up the Exhibition*, and embody an abstract idea of completeness. Now there is no such necessity. Let the respective industries exhibit them-

selves each according to its own sense of fitness and proportionate extent. It is reported that a high authority in cotton has declared that cotton producers have no interest to exhibit, and that unless the Commissioners, at their own cost, *make up* an exhibition of the cotton industries, there will be no display. One smiles at such a doctrine coming from Lancashire; but if this be so—if cotton machinery and cotton manufactures have no progress to show during the last ten years, or have no desire to show it—let cotton be absent from the Exhibition, and let electric telegraphs and photography, or revived *Della Robbia* pottery, or colonial produce, or anything else that is progressive, take its place. The French throughout all their Exhibitions have permitted this law of progress to develop itself freely. Every one of the fourteen Paris Exhibitions has been remarkable, not for any theoretic completeness, but for some special strong features of its own. Thus, in 1798, decorative manufactures, Sevres china, Paris clocks, and the like, predominated; in 1801, looms and weaving; in 1806, iron castings and improved cotton printing; in 1827, machine paper-making, hydraulics, &c. It would be a serious and deadening mistake to assign dogmatically proportionate spaces to each class or section. There is no reason to believe that the Commissioners have such an intention; but there is no harm in whispering a word of caution.

The Commissioners have extended the number of classes into which the Exhibition will be divided from thirty to forty. This is an improvement, as far as it goes; but the experience of the London and Paris Exhibitions might have carried the division farther. Why have put "Tapestry, Lace, and Embroidery," together? The producers are all distinct trades. Even the laces of Nottingham and of Honiton or Buckinghamshire are quite distinct in their manufacture. Embroidery is from Scotland and Ireland. Again, take Class 25: it includes "Skins, Furs, Feathers, and Hair." Each of these kinds of objects must be arranged separately. Messrs. Bevingtons of Bermondsey as tanners, and Messrs. Clarke of Glastonbury as Angola-skin dressers, have no connection with Mr. Nicholay of Oxford Street and his furs; or Messrs. Forster, of Wigmore Street, and their ostrich head-dresses, with the peruke-makers of the Bank of Elegance. Such trades have no technical connection together. It is true that the articles all come from animals; but whilst this classification may be *scientifically* correct in a museum, it is not *commercially* or practically convenient in an Exhibition, which, after all, is a real trade show.

There is, of course, no reason why this paper classification may not have as many subdivisions as are found to be expedient in the practical arrangement of the objects. And further subdivisions made in any published lists will, it is said, be classifications of the exhibitors and producers, and not the names of the things.

The "decisions" do not determine the local arrangement of the articles in the buildings. For the easy consultation and comparison of the objects,

it is desirable to arrange like with like; but there are insuperable difficulties in doing so very strictly. Practically it is impossible to separate foreign contributions into forty or more divisions. All the responsibility of arrangement and management chargeable upon the foreign countries would be destroyed. Our neighbours the French are never punctual. In the last Paris Exhibition their arrangements were not completed till August; and incompleteness might be in forty places in the next Exhibition if their productions were divided. Besides, the *national* features, which each country's contributions present when together, would be much impaired by too great a subdivision. Of course there will be some subdivisions. Pictures cannot be arranged with steam-engines, or locomotives with Lyons silks, or porcelain with smelting. In the Paris Exhibition, the French allotted space to the British productions in *six* distinct parts of the building. In the Exhibition of 1862, each nation should be obliged to put its machinery in one spot, its manufactures and raw produce in others, and its fine arts in a fourth. Where a nation preferred to have all its manufactures and raw produce together, it should have the option of doing so. At the same time each nation might be invited to separate certain classes of objects. Thus all the photography of the world, all the musical instruments, and all the educational apparatus, each class brought together, would be far more interesting than if kept in separate countries. Moreover, by an appointed order of arrangement of the separate classes, it would be quite possible to preserve the geographical, and at the same time get the benefit largely of a scientific arrangement. The ruling principle, however, in arrangement, as in everything else throughout the Exhibition, should be to allow the greatest freedom of action possible, on the part of nations and individual exhibitors. To allow a nation or an individual to do the work according to its own bent and interest, is to secure the surest guarantee for the best performance of it.

It will be observed with regret, probably by a majority at least of British exhibitors, that the Commissioners have decided that "prizes or rewards for merit, in the form of medals, will be given in the industrial department of the Exhibition." Who, in the prosecution of his labours as a manufacturer, or designer, or inventor, wants any other prize than public approbation and support? Who wants the stimulus of any other authoritative judgment? Prizes for services which cannot be remunerated commercially may be right, but in commerce they are antiquated and puerile. The artists, however, will not be treated like schoolboys. And Prince Napoleon shrewdly hints that even France does not want them!

Then the administration of any system of prizes and jurors is full of practical contradictions. It was rendered just bearable in 1851, by explaining that the prizes really meant next to nothing. Sir Robert Peel took the sting out of the medals by suggesting that they should be all of *bronze*, because bronze presented so much better an *artistic* effect, which was true; and then it was so much less a valuable article at the pawn-

broker's! The Commissioners, in 1851, after much controversy, adopted two medals, and an "honourable mention," as a little crumb of comfort to the disappointed.

They were careful to explain away that medals were not competitive marks. They desired "that merit should be rewarded wherever it presented itself; but anxious at the same time to avoid the *recognition of competition between individual exhibitors!*" Their decisions as to the value of the council or highest medals were still more negative. Although by some roundabout process an exhibitor found himself possessed of a council medal, he was told that "the award of a council medal does not necessarily stamp its recipient as a better manufacturer or producer than others that have received the prize medal." In fact, if the clock-makers could only have believed it, there was nothing at all in the award of a council medal to Mr. Dent through Mr. Denison as chairman of the jury! The Commissioners of 1851 further explained that "the granting of the council medal was not limited to cases of *production by a new process*," and that "beauty of design was not sufficient title to a council medal," and that the "mere fact of a large outlay of money ought not to be regarded as entitling an exhibitor to receive a council medal." So that what a council medal really signified it was difficult to say. It was nothing more than the gift of a round piece of bronze, well ornamented, to a number of persons, whose eminence was already so established in the eyes of the world that it seemed little short of an impertinence to offer such a further token of it.

If any one will be at the trouble to see what happened at Paris in 1855, he may consult the official report, and he will see what a farce the medal-giving was on that occasion. France named 208 jurors; other countries, 190. The jurors were summoned on the 15th June, but that is the season when a Frenchman does not like Paris; so the foreign jurors remained to do their work for the next three months, when the foreigner rather likes Paris, and the French jurors, for the most part, took themselves off to the seaside, and did not reappear till October, when the foreign jurors had left for their respective homes. Practically, the foreign jurors looked only to the interests of their respective countries, and left the French jurors to look after France. And so they worked, each intent for itself. See what happened at the last. "The awards had been made by the several juries, confirmed by the groups of juries, and revised by the council of presidents of juries, strictly according to decrees. The labours of five months seemed to have ended, and almost every one had departed. Totals were made of the number of gold medals which had thus been awarded, when they were considered much too numerous by the Imperial Commission. This information was obtained only within a fortnight of the ceremony of distributing the prizes, and it was thought absolutely necessary to appoint a new committee of seven persons—four being French, one Englishman, one German, and one Belgian—to classify the *médailles d'honneur* into two grades, and to resolve who should receive the higher or the lower



grade. Thus the work of several hundred persons, possessing all kinds of knowledge, who had been brought together from all parts of Europe, was finally revised by a very small committee, created at the last moment, and whose knowledge was necessarily limited."

It is to be hoped that the Commissioners for 1862 will avail themselves of the experience of the working of juries in the two past International Exhibitions. They have only vaguely announced "medals;" let them give but one, and put off all the responsibility of judgment, by themselves or their agents, and act *merely ministerially*. Invite every nation to send in a list of productions considered as "meritorious," and allow every British trade committee to do the same. Let each nation and committee find out its own way of giving this judgment. In both the ormer Exhibitions the foreign countries named their own jurors, and the only change now necessary is that each nation's jury should be permitted to do its work in its own way, and not be mixed up with other juries. In 1851 "the British jurors were selected by her Majesty's Commissioners from lists furnished by the local committees of various towns, each town being invited to recommend persons of skill and information in the manufactures or produce for which it is remarkable." In 1862, extend the freedom of action; and as there will be no individual competition, if a trade should decline to elect judges and receive medals, allow it the privilege of doing so.

If prizes be given eventually, the Commissioners should require that the lists of them be sent in at an early date, and then cause labels to be affixed to the productions exhibited, so that the public may test the decisions. This is already done at all agricultural, cattle, and flower shows; and, besides its obvious use, it would certainly be a new feature of attraction to the Exhibition itself.

In 1851 and 1855, the lists of producers who were entitled to receive medals were not published till the Exhibitions had closed; and as for the jury reports, the British reports were not published for months after the exhibitors' goods had been removed; whilst the reports for the Paris Exhibition were not completed for years.

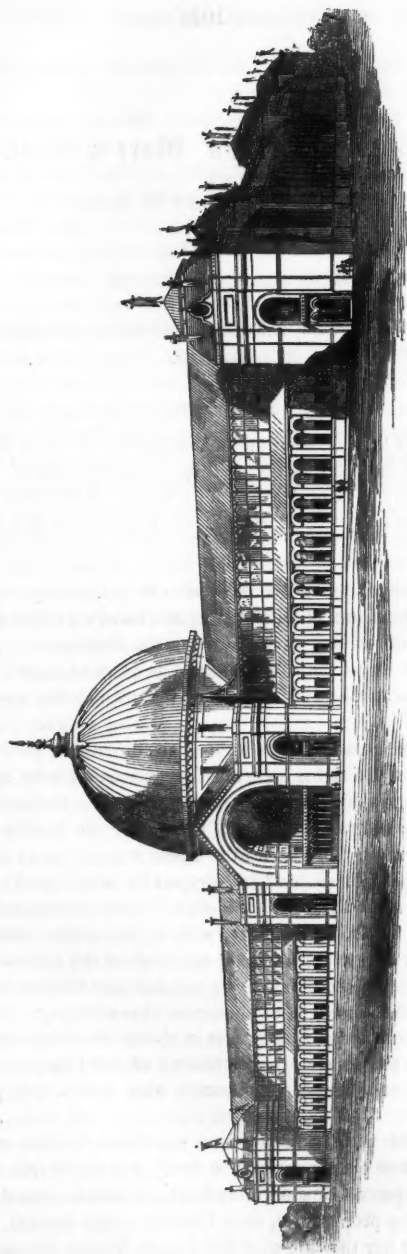
Any reports to be studied and turned to practical use ought to be published whilst the Exhibition is open.

For the present, there remains but one question to be asked, and it is a critical one for the guarantors—Will the Exhibition succeed commercially? and will the managers wind up with a balance on the right side of the account? As respects the Exhibition building, although it may not have the novelty of a glass house, it will have much greater variety and fitness of purpose. Three fronts will be of massive brickwork, depending for the present on their colossal proportions for their effect. Hereafter, if kept as permanent, they may be decorated with mosaics, as much as the Duomo and Giotto's Tower at Florence. The fourth front will face the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens, which *Punch* has christened, not inappropriately, "Arcadia." It is only from this front,

and the third of a mile away, that the two glass domes intersecting the nave and transepts, will be visible together. They have been shown in execrably bad prints behind the picture galleries in perspective, where they never can be seen. Each dome forms a centre in the two Industrial Fronts, and the accompanying woodcut gives a general effect of one. If compared with the front view of the Industrial brick building which Sir Charles Barry, R.A.; Professor Cockerell, R.A.; and Professor Donaldson proposed for the Exhibition of 1851, in Hyde Park, but which the public would have none of, the comparison will be all in favour of the superior claims to originality, fitness, and picturesqueness of the present building, which owes its conception to a military engineer—Captain Fowke. The exterior of the building, however, must be viewed as a skeleton, to be clothed and decorated after the Exhibition is ended. It has been so designed, that it may be made a worthy national edifice for the promotion of industrial progress. As in the two Crystal Palaces, the roofs will not leak on exhibitors' goods, and the lighting will not be extremes of lightness and darkness; and there will be solid walls to hang goods upon. If judgment be used in the management, an unrivalled collection of pictures may be made; the works of industry, according to all past experience of Exhibitions, will be of a higher quality and prepared with more care than in 1851. Music was announced as a feature by the Society of Arts; and although the programme of the Commissioners names only "musical instruments," they may possibly mean to systematize them and make the trials of them a source of attraction. From the Exhibition building the visitor may pass through terra-cotta arcades into the Royal Horticultural Gardens, and, if report be correct, he may return to dine after the fashion of the "*Trois frères*" of the *Palais Royal*, or eat Neapolitan macaroni. The railways can bring five times the numbers from the country which they could in 1851, and Lord Chandos, as representing them, will see that they shall do so. All this betokens success, if the management is as good as it ought to be. Good management in 1851 realized 200,000*l.* profit; bad management in Dublin left Mr. Dargan to pay a deficit. The American Exhibition was a signal failure, owing to its excessively bad management. The Paris Exhibition cost a great deal more than its receipts, except in the British portion, which was 20 per cent. below its estimated cost; and if the Manchester Exhibition did not propitiate the senders of pictures, it paid its expenses. Here are abundant and varied experiences, which the five gentlemen who have undertaken the management for 1862 will assuredly turn to good account. Being a small number, let them not attempt to combine both legislative and executive functions, and so annihilate that individual responsibility which is at the basis of all success. No cause so largely conducted to the eminent success of the Exhibition of 1851 as that personal responsibility which its president the Prince Consort was pleased to assume!

*SUTRO LIBRARY*

(Buildings for the International Exhibition of 1892.)



View from Prince Albert's Road, showing the West Front of the Industrial Building.

## A Cumberland Mare's Nest.

(A STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.)

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis

Agricolæ . . . . .

. . . . . effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.—*Georgic*, i. 495.

### PREFACE.

THE actors in the following tale, being known by name to so many, I've introduced in such disguise, that here "*mutato nomine Narratur fabula!*" The fact has not a bit of "*bam*" in it! Wordsworth has sung "*The Lorton Yew*;" I'm going to sing the *Lamb* in it!

Not very many months ago, a grave J. P. of Cumberland (Of lakes and hills, and crags and gills, and valleys without number, and!) Was lounging in his easy chair, perusing the *Examiner*, While Madame sat at work, with tongue as quiet as a lamb in her;

When in came Nelly waiting-maid, though not her time to dust his room,

With—"Master, please, you're wanted, sir, directly in your justice-room! I can't make out the rights on't, but there seems a pretty bobbery In t' village about summat strange—a murder or a robbery!"

Not over-pleased to be disturbed, up jumped the worthy magistrate, And, seizing "*Burn*," of justices the oracle and badge, he straight Descended to his "*lion's den*" (a *sobriquet* in fudge meant)— Where he, "*a second Daniel*," had often "*come to judgment*."

Now, seated in his chair of state, with all his ensigns round about, Some lying on the table near, some scattered on the ground about, Warrants, indictments, summonses; the scourge of tramp and mugger, he Commanded the intruder to be shown into his snuggerly.

Instead of some rough factory-lass in charge of village constable, For blacking a fair rival's eyes, or tearing off her Dunstable Straw bonnet; or some poaching scamp, who, armed with gun and cart-ridges,

Had slaughtered, without licence had, his worship's hares and partridges;

Instead of some old toper who too freely had his whistle wet, And broke the peace—or some one's head—in hobbled Dinah Thistlewaite, Whose gossiping propensities, from Cumbrian wits ironical, Had gained for her the title of "*The Lorton Village Chronicle*."

"Well, Dinah, what's the matter *now*? Has any one been wronging you?

Or stolen your plums, or robbed your roosts, or any one's belonging you?  
Or have you any charge to make (the way you *often* handle us!)  
Which, 'stead of being based on truth, is nothing more than scandalous?"

"Nay, now," (said Dinah, curtseying,) "I weel remember what a quiz Your worship always was! But, sir, I've said in t' kirk my catechiz;  
And though I *is* nae scholard, and was brought up to hard labour,  
I hope I better kens nor *that* my 'duty to my neighbour!'

"I'se sure your worship's far ower hard upon a poor old woman, too!  
But if you'll hear out patiently the story I'se a-coming to,  
You'll maybe be convinced!" And then, with manner full of mystery,  
She poured into his worship's ear "this strange, eventful history."

"It's twelve or fourteen years ago, the end of last December, sir—  
It may be mair, it may be less—I canna just remember, sir,  
That ane o' t' Lorton lasses here (ye ken right weel the name on her—  
She's married *now*—and so ye see I winna cast nae shame on her!)

"Had a *misfortin'* (so they *said*); and when she gat about again,  
She went away for mony weeks, ashamed to be seen out again;—  
And as for t' bairn—we dinna ken, but canna help suspectin' on't—  
But some folk said she'd '*put it down*,' or kilt it wi' neglectin' on't.

"But murder, sir, *will* out at last! and just afore our breakfast hour  
(In t' helter yet, afore she dee's, to mak' the hussey's neck fast!) our  
Willy and Joe Makemson were diggin' the foundation of  
Yon gentleman's new house *up-bye*, which *was* the situation of

"This lass's father's garden-ground; when, two or three feet deep  
or so,

They came upon 'a lock o' bones,' and went and told the keeper so;  
And he and all the village wives will tak' their *ackidavy*, sir,  
That these are bones o' t' murdered bairn, as sure's the British navy, sir."

"A shocking tale, upon my word!" replied the Lorton Daniel;  
Then putting on his hat and gloves, and whistling to his spaniel—  
"I'll to the place at once," he cried—"it is not far to travel it)—  
And sift the story out myself, and help them to unravel it!"

By this time half the neighbourhood, impelled by curiosity,  
Had gathered round a spot, now famed for deeds of such atrocity,  
And with mysterious shakes of head, in rustic phraseology,  
Were "laying down the law" upon this case of osteology.

For there upon a mortar-board, in face of the whole company,  
The bones in question lay exposed—in truth, a dubious lump! Any  
Unskilled anatomist had sworn that, from the size and make of them,  
They were an *infant's* bones—nor known what other view to take of them!

The *men* looked grave at what they saw, declaring "It was *curious*,  
"To say the least—was such a *find*!" The *women's* tongues ran furious,  
Demanding summary vengeance on the wretch they all with one accord  
Condemned, if ever woman did, to "dance on nothing," on a cord!

And "sarve her right!" Nay, some declared that "hanging wasn't bad enough!  
They'd cut her down, and hang her *twice*, before they thought she'd had enough!

To tak' the blessed babby's life, and didn't care a farden!  
And then, like ony cat or dog, to bury 't in a garden!"

Sure never since Orestes' bones (the story's in Herodotus,  
Who often loves with marvellous tales to indulge in a sly *prod* at us!)  
Were dug up in a blacksmith's shop, at Tegea in Arcadia,  
By Spartan Lichas—*ten feet long*!—had gentleman or lady a

Tumult of such excitement heard; and never was a greater din  
O'er slaughtered thousands in a fight, than rose up in this later din  
About a tiny heap of bones, no larger than a platterful  
Of garden mould, and sticks, and stones, and other such like matter, full.

While this debate was going on, up comes "The Village Chronicle,"  
Accompanied by our grave J. P., in converse quite Platonical;  
At sight of whom the assembly all, of doubts and fears the minions,  
Made way around the mortar-board, to hear *his* sage opinions.

Turning the mass o'er with his stick, and picking out each narrow bone,  
He scrutinized its texture, as a magpie would a marrow-bone!  
And with about the same result. For making *nothing* out of them,  
He scratch'd his head, and stroked his chin, and thus express'd his doubt  
of them:

"My friends, I'm half asham'd to own, as ignorant as a cat am I  
Of all that art which surgeons call 'Comparative Anatomy';  
But to a plain man's common sense (I say it without vanity)  
These bones appear to *me* to bear the impress of humanity!

"However, wiser heads than mine have often been mistaken, sirs;  
For error is the lot of man, from Solomon to Bacon, sirs!  
To make assurance doubly sure, stop scandal's tongue, and lock her mouth,  
I'll make no bones about the thing, but send them off to Cocker-mouth;

"And if my friend the doctor there, whom I believe a true man, sirs,  
After examination made, pronounce that they are human, sirs,  
I pledge my magisterial word, I'll summon next the coroner,  
And we *will* find the murderer out, be he native or a foreigner!"

So said, so done! "John, mount my mare, and ride at once to Cocker-mouth—

And mind, John, ride her cannily, and don't with curb-bit shock her mouth!

And take these bones to Doctor Fell, and tell him our suspicions, John!  
And say we want his sage advice, to aid our inquisitions, John!"

When from the extraneous stones and dirt they'd made at last a severance,

They wrapped them in a napkin clean, to show them proper reverence;  
And, mounted on his master's mare, John took them in a basket to  
The neighbouring town, prepared to *pay* for Fell's advice, and *ask* it, too!



Finding the doctor at his house, John told him a long rigmarole (For words came running off his tongue, as easy as a gig may roll), About the girl's *misfortin'*, and her friends' alleged conspiracy To "put the *laul un oot o' t' way!*" To *doubt* it would be heresy!

In confirmation of these *facts*, he mentioned the discovery, That very morning, of the bones; on which, of truth a lover, he Felt bound in conscience to declare, *that* man must be a heavy dunce, Who, with these proofs of murder clear, could underrate such evidence.

"I mean such proofs as *these!*" said John; and then, to clinch the matter, he

Produced the bones before his eyes; and begged him, without flattery, To state at once, by virtue of his knowledge anatomical, That t' Lorton folks had hit the truth!—an inference somewhat comical—

Considering *nothing* had been *proved!* But, then, the grace of charity, Whene'er a neighbour's fame's at stake, is something of a rarity! And folks believe *the worst* at once, instead of hoping *better* things; Because inquiry checks the tongue, and only tends to fetter things!

The doctor took a pinch of snuff, (as much as he could cram in it!) And, opening out the precious heap, proceeded to examine it; But what was John's astonishment at such perverse depravity, When, in a case of life or death, instead of all due gravity,

He burst into a hearty laugh! "And so your master can't decide" (He cried, while tears ran down his cheeks) "that this is not infanticide! Why, if these are an infant's bones—(from such like births deliver us!) Look at these teeth! it must have been an infant graminivorous!

"These spinal vertebræ, too, prove (or else they *nothing* indicate!) This marvellous infant had a *tail!* as I'm prepared to vindicate! In short, you Lorton wiseacres, on coming to examine it, Have found a regular mare's-nest, and 'stead of eggs, a *lamb* in it!"

John jumped upon his mare again, and didn't wait to stock her mouth With hay or corn, but trotted home, hard as he could, from Cocker-mouth.

And you may safely bet, that day, and of your bet be winner, sir, That every house in Lorton Vale had this *Lamb's Tale* at dinner, sir.

"It's like enough, what t' doctor says," exclaimed an ancient villager, Who had, for twenty years and more, of this same ground been tillager, "For often when our young lambs dec'd, not likin' much the state o' ground,

I buried there their *carcashes* to manur' our potato ground.

"So had I kenn'd, afore ye went, the errand ye were startin' on, (Just sic a tale to mak' folks cry '*My eye and Betty Martin*' on!) I'd suin hae stopped thy gallop, lad, and saved our 'canny Cumberland' Frae hearin' this daft story told frae Cornwall to Northumberland."

A. R. W.

Keswick, May, 1861.

## Ignes of Sorrento.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE CONVENT.

THE Mother Theresa sat in a sort of withdrawing-room, the roof of which rose in arches, starred with blue and gold like that of the cloister, and the sides were frescoed with scenes from the life of the Virgin. Over every door, and in convenient places between the paintings, texts of Holy Writ were illuminated in blue, and scarlet, and gold, with a richness and fancifulness of outline, as if every sacred letter had blossomed into a mystical flower. The Abbess herself, with two of her nuns, was busily embroidering a new altar-cloth, with a lavish profusion of adornment; and, from time to time, their voices rose in the musical tones of an ancient Latin hymn. The words were full of that quaint and mystical pietism with which the fashion of the times clothed the expression of devotional feeling:—

"Jesu, corona virginum,  
Quem mater illa concepit,  
Quæ sola virgo parturit,  
Hæc vota clemens accipe.

"Qui pascis inter lilia  
Septus choreis virginum,  
Sponsus decorus gloria,  
Sponsisque reddens præmia.

"Quocunque pergis, virgines  
Sequantur atque laudibus  
Post te canentes cursitant,  
Hymnosque dulces personant."\*

This little canticle was, in truth, very different from the hymns to Venus

---

\* "Jesus, crown of virgin spirits,  
Whom a virgin mother bore,  
Graciously accept our praises  
While thy footsteps we adore.

"Thee among the lilies feeding  
Choirs of virgins walk beside,  
Bridegroom crowned with glorious beauty,  
Giving beauty to thy bride.

"Where thou goest still they follow,  
Singing, singing as they move,  
All those souls for ever virgin  
Wedded only to thy love."

which used to resound in the temple which the convent had displaced. The voices which sang were of a deep, plaintive contralto, much resembling the richness of a tenor ; and as they blended in modulated waves of chanting sound, the effect was soothing and dreamy. Agnes stopped at the door to listen.

"Stop, dear Jocunda," she said to the old woman, who was about to push her way abruptly into the room, "wait till it is over."

Jocunda, who was quite matter-of-fact in her ideas of religion, made a little movement of impatience, but was recalled to herself by observing the devout absorption with which Agnes, with clasped hands and down-cast head, was mentally joining in the hymn with a solemn brightness in her young face.

"If she hasn't got a vocation, nobody ever had one," thought Jocunda. "I wish I had more of one myself!"

When the strain died away, and was succeeded by a conversation on the respective merits of two kinds of gold embroidering-thread, Agnes and Jocunda entered the apartment. Agnes went forward and kissed the hand of the mother reverentially.

Sister Theresa we have before described as tall, pale, and sad-eyed,—a moonlight style of person, wanting in all those elements of warm colour and physical solidity which give the impression of a real vital human existence. The strongest affection she had ever known had been that excited by the childish beauty and graces of Agnes, whom she folded in her arms and kissed with a warmth that had in it the semblance of maternity.

"Grandmamma has given me a day to spend with you, dear mother," said Agnes.

"Welcome, dear little child!" responded Mother Theresa. "Your spiritual home always stands open to you."

"I have something to speak to you of in particular, my mother," said Agnes, blushing deeply.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Mother Theresa, a slight movement of curiosity arising in her mind as she signed to the two nuns to leave the apartment.

"My mother," continued Agnes, "yesterday evening, as grandmamma and I were sitting at the gate, selling oranges, a young cavalier came up and bought oranges of me, and he kissed my forehead and asked me to pray for him, and gave me this ring for the shrine of Saint Agnes."

"Kissed your forehead!" cried Jocunda; "very pretty, indeed! It isn't like you, Agnes, to let him."

"He did it before I knew," pleaded Agnes. "Grandmamma reproved him, and then he seemed to repent, and gave me this ring for the shrine of Saint Agnes."

"And a pretty one it is, too," said Jocunda. "We haven't a prettier in all our treasury; not even the great emerald the Queen gave is better in its way than this."

"And he asked you to pray for him?" questioned Mother Theresa.

"Yes, mother dear: he looked right into my eyes and made me look into his, and made me promise; and I knew that holy virgins never refused their prayers to any one that asked, and so I followed their example."

"I'll warrant me he was only mocking at you for a poor little fool," put in Jocunda; "the gallants of our day don't believe much in prayers."

"Perhaps so, Jocunda," returned Agnes, gravely; "but if that be the case, he needs prayers all the more."

"Yes," pronounced Mother Theresa. "Remember the story of the blessed Saint Dorothea!—how a wicked young nobleman mocked at her when she was going to execution, saying, 'Dorothea, Dorothea, I will believe, when you shall send me down some of the fruits and flowers of Paradise;' and she, full of faith, replied, 'To-day I will send them;' and wonderful to tell, that very day, at evening, an angel came to the young man with a basket of citrons and roses, and said, 'Dorothea sends thee these; therefore believe.' See what grace a pure maiden can bring to a thoughtless young man!—for this young man was converted and became a champion of the faith."

"That was in the old times," said Jocunda, sceptically. "I don't believe setting the lamb to pray for the wolf will do much in our day. Prithee, child, what manner of man was this gallant?"

"He was beautiful as an angel," replied Agnes; "only it was not a good beauty. He looked proud and sad, both; like one who is not at ease in his heart. Indeed, I feel very sorry for him: his eyes made a kind of trouble in my mind, that reminds me to pray for him often."

"And I will join my prayers to yours, dear daughter," said the Mother Theresa. "I long to have you with us, that we may pray together every day: say, do you think your grandmamma will spare you to us wholly, before long?"

"Grandmamma will not hear of it yet," answered Agnes: "she loves me so, it would break her heart if I should leave her; and she could not be happy here. But, mother, you have told me we could carry an altar always in our hearts, and adore in secret; when it is God's will I should come to you, He will incline her heart."

"Between you and me, little one," said Jocunda, "I think there will soon be a third person who will have something to say in the case."

"Whom do you mean?" inquired Agnes.

"A husband," replied Jocunda; "I suppose your grandmother has one picked out for you: you are neither humpbacked nor cross-eyed, that you shouldn't have one as other girls?"

"I don't want one, Jocunda; and I have promised to Saint Agnes to come here, if she will only get grandmother to consent."

"Bless you, my daughter!" exclaimed Mother Theresa; "only persevere and the way will be opened."

"Well, well," said Jocunda, "we'll see. Come, little one, if you wouldn't have your flowers fade, we must go back and look after them."

Reverently kissing the hand of the abbess, Agnes withdrew with her old friend, and crossed again to the garden to attend to her flowers.

"Well now, little one," said Jocunda, "you can sit here and weave your garlands, while I go and look after the conserves of raisins and citrons that Sister Cattarina is making: she is stupid at anything but her prayers, is Cattarina. Our Lady be gracious to me! I think I got my vocation from Saint Martha; and if it wasn't for me, I don't know what would become of things in the convent. Why, since I came here, our conserves, done up in fig-leaf packages, have had quite a run at court, and our gracious Queen herself was good enough to send an order for a hundred of them last week. I could have laughed to see how puzzled the Mother Theresa looked: much she knows about conserves! I suppose she thinks Gabriel brings them straight down from paradise, done up in leaves of the tree of life. Old Jocunda knows what goes to their making up: she's good for something, if she is old and twisted: many a scrubby old olive bears fat berries," said the old portress, chuckling.

"Oh, dear Jocunda," cried Agnes, "why must you go this minute? I want to talk with you about so many things!"

"Bless the sweet child! it does want its old Jocunda, does it?" said the old woman, in the tone with which one caresses a baby. "Well, well, it should, then! Just wait a minute, till I go and see that our holy Saint Cattarina hasn't fallen a-praying over the conserving-pan. I'll be back in a moment."

So saying, she hobbled off briskly, and Agnes, sitting down on the fragment sculptured with dancing nymphs, began abstractedly pulling her flowers towards her, shaking from them the dew of the fountain.

Unconsciously, as she sat there, her head drooped into the attitude of the marble nymph, and her lovely features assumed the same expression of plaintive and dreamy thoughtfulness; her heavy dark lashes lay on her pure waxen cheeks like the dark fringe of some tropical flower. Her form, in its delicate outlines, scarcely yet showed the full development of womanhood, which after years might unfold into the ripe fulness of her countrywomen. Her whole attitude and manner were those of an exquisitely sensitive and highly organized being, just struggling into the life of some mysterious new inner birth,—into the sense of powers of feeling and of being hitherto unknown even to herself.

"Ah," she softly sighed to herself, "how little I am! how little I can do! Could I convert one soul! Ah, holy Dorothea, send down the roses of heaven into *his* soul, that he also may believe!"

"Well, my little beauty, you have not finished even one garland," said old Jocunda, bustling up behind her. "Praise to Saint Martha, the conserves are doing well, and so I catch a minute for my little heart."

So saying, she sat down with her spindle and flax by Agnes, for an afternoon gossip.

"Dear Jocunda, I have heard you tell stories about spirits that haunt lonesome places. Did you ever hear about any in the gorge?"

"Why, bless the child, yes : spirits are always pacing up and down in lonely places. Father Anselmo told me that ; and he had seen a priest once that had seen that in the holy Scriptures themselves,—so it must be true."

"Well, did you ever hear of their making the most beautiful music?"

"Haven't I?" replied Jocunda,—“to be sure I have ; singing enough to draw the very heart out of your body : it's an old trick they have. I want to know if you never heard about the king of Amalfi's son coming home from fighting for the Holy Sepulchre? Why, there's rocks not far out from this very town where the Sirens live ; and if the king's son hadn't had a holy bishop on board, who slept every night with a piece of the true cross under his pillow, the green ladies would have sung him straight into perdition. They are very fair-spoken at first, and sing so that a man gets perfectly drunk with their music, and longs to fly to them ; but they suck him down at last under water, and strangle him, and that's the end of him.”

"You never told me about this before, Jocunda."

"Haven't I, child? Well, I will now. You see, this good bishop, he dreamed three times that they would sail past these rocks, and he was told to give all the sailors holy wax from an altar candle to stop their ears, so that they shouldn't hear the music. Well, the king's son said he wanted to hear the music ; so he wouldn't have his ears stopped : but he told 'em to tie him to the mast, so that he could hear it, but not to mind a word he said, if he begged 'em ever so hard to untie him.

"Well, you see they did it ; and the old bishop, he had his ears sealed up tight, and so did all the men ; but the young man stood tied to the mast, and when they sailed past, he was like a demented creature. He called out that it was his lady who was singing, and he wanted to go to her—and his mother, who they all knew was a blessed saint in paradise years before ; and he commanded them to untie him, and pulled and strained on his cords to get free ; but they only tied him the tighter, and so they got him past : for, thanks to the holy wax, the sailors never heard a word, and so they kept their senses. So they all got safe home ; but the young prince was so sick and pining that he had to be exorcised and prayed for seven times seven days before they could get the music out of his head."

"Why," asked Agnes, "do those Sirens sing there yet?"

"Well, that was a hundred years ago. They say the old bishop, he prayed 'em down ; for he went out a little after on purpose, and gave 'em a precious lot of holy water : most likely he got 'em pretty well under, though my husband's brother says he's heard 'em singing in a small way,



like frogs in spring-time; but he gave 'em a pretty wide berth. You see these spirits are what's left of old heathen times, when, Lord bless us! the earth was just as full of 'em as a bit of old cheese is of mites. Now a Christian body, if they take reasonable care, can walk quit of 'em; and if they have any haunts in lonesome and doleful places, if one puts up a cross or a shrine, they know they have to go."

"I am thinking," said Agnes, "it would be a blessed work to put up some shrines to Saint Agnes and our good Lord in the gorge: I'll promise to keep the lamps burning and the flowers in order."

"Bless the child!" exclaimed Jocunda, "that is a pious and Christian thought."

"I have an uncle in Florence—a father in the holy convent of San Marco—who paints and works in stone, not for money, but for the glory of God; and when he comes this way I will speak to him about it," said Agnes. "And about this time in the spring he always visits us."

"That's well thought of," said Jocunda. "And now, tell me, little lamb, have you any idea who this grand cavalier may be that gave you the ring?"

"No," replied Agnes, pausing a moment over the garland of flowers she was weaving, "only Giulietta told me that he was brother to the king: Giulietta said everybody knew him."

"I'm not so sure of that," retorted Jocunda: "Giulietta always thinks she knows more than she does."

"Whatever he may be, his worldly state is nothing to me," said Agnes. "I know him only in my prayers."

"Ay, ay," muttered the old woman to herself, looking obliquely out of the corner of her eye at the girl, who was busily sorting her flowers; "perhaps he will be seeking some other acquaintance." Then addressing Agnes, she said, "You haven't seen him since?"

"Seen him? Why, dear Jocunda, it was only last evening——"

"True enough. Well, child, don't think too much of him. Men are dreadful creatures; in these times especially: they snap up a pretty girl as a fox does a chicken, and no questions asked."

"I don't think he looked wicked, Jocunda; he had a proud, sorrowful look. I don't know what could make a rich, handsome young man sorrowful; but I feel in my heart that he is not happy. Mother Theresa says that those who can do nothing but pray may convert princes without knowing it."

"May be it is so," Jocunda conceded, in the same tone in which thrifty professors of religion often assent to the same sort of truths in our days. "I've seen a good deal of that sort of cattle in my day; and one would think, by their actions, that praying souls must be scarce where they came from."

Agnes abstractedly stooped and began plucking handfuls of lyco-podium, which was growing green and feathery on one side of the marble

frieze on which she was sitting; in so doing, a fragment of white marble, which had been overgrown in the luxuriant green, appeared to view. It was that frequent object in the Italian soil,—a portion of an old Roman tombstone. Agnes bent over, intent on the mystic "*Dis Manibus*," in old Roman letters.

"Lord bless the child! I've seen thousands of them," said Jocunda; "it is some old heathen's grave, that's been in Hell these hundred years."

"In hell?" cried Agnes, with a distressful accent.

"Of course," replied Jocunda. "Where should they be? Serves 'em right, too; they were a vile old set."

"Oh, Jocunda, it's dreadful to think of, that they should have been in hell all this time."

"And no nearer the end than when they began," pursued Jocunda.

Agnes gave a shivering sigh, and, looking up into the golden sky that was pouring floods of splendour through the orange-trees and jasmines, thought, "How could it be that the world could possibly be going on so sweet and fair over such an abyss?"

"Oh, Jocunda!" she exclaimed, "it does seem *too* dreadful to believe! How could they help being heathen; being born so, and never hearing of the true Church?"

"Ah, well," said Jocunda, spinning away energetically, "that's no business of mine; my business is to save *my* soul, and that's what I came here for. The dear saints know I found it dull enough at first, for I'd been used to jaunting round with my old man and the boy; but what with marketing and preserving, and one thing and another, I get on better now, praise to Saint Agnes!"

The large, dark eyes of Agnes were fixed abstractedly on the old woman as she spoke, slowly dilating, with a sad, mysterious expression, which sometimes came over them.

"Ah! how can the saints themselves be happy?" she sighed. "One might be willing to wear sackcloth and sleep on the ground; one might suffer ever so many years and years, if only one might save some of them."

"Well, it does seem hard," Jocunda admitted; "but what's the use of thinking of it? Old Father Anselmo told us in one of his sermons that the Lord wills that his saints should come to rejoice in the punishment of all heathens and heretics; and he told us about a great saint once, who took it into his head to be distressed because one of the old heathen whose books he was fond of reading had gone to hell, and he fasted and prayed, and wouldn't take No for an answer, till he got him out."

"He did, then?" exclaimed Agnes, clasping her hands in a sudden ecstasy.

"Yes; but the good Lord told him never to try it again; and he struck him dumb: as a kind of hint, you know. Why, Father Anselmo said that even getting souls out of purgatory was no easy matter. He

told us of one holy nun who spent nine years fasting and praying for the soul of her prince who was killed in a duel, and then she saw in a vision that he was only raised the least little bit out of the fire; and she offered up her life as a sacrifice to the Lord to deliver him, but, after all, when she died he wasn't quite delivered. Such things made me think that a poor old sinner like me would never get out at all, if I didn't set about it in earnest: though it a'n't all nuns that save their souls either. I remember in Pisa I saw a great picture of the 'Judgment-day' in the Campo Santo, and there were lots of abbesses, and nuns, and monks, and bishops, too, that the devils were clearing off into the fire!"

"Oh, Jocunda, how dreadful that fire must be!"

"Yes, indeed," said Jocunda. "Father Anselmo said hell-fire wasn't like any kind of fire we have here—made to warm us and cook our food—but a kind made especially to torment body and soul, and not made for anything else.

"I remember a story he told us about that. You see, there was an old duchess that lived in a grand old castle,—and a proud, wicked old woman enough; and her son brought home a handsome young bride to the castle, and the old duchess was jealous of her,—'cause, you see, she hated to give up her place in the house, and the old family-jewels, and all the splendid things,—and so one time, when the poor young thing was all dressed up in a set of the old family-lace, what does the old hag do but set fire to it!"

"How horrible!" cried Agnes.

"Yes; and when the young thing ran screaming in her agony, the old hag stopped her and tore off a pearl rosary that she was wearing, for fear it should be spoiled by the fire."

"Holy Mother! can such things be possible?" exclaimed Agnes.

"Well, you see, she got her pay for it: that rosary was of famous old pearls that had been in the family a hundred years; but from that moment the good Lord struck it with a curse, and filled it white hot with hell-fire, so that, if anybody held it a few minutes in their hand, it would burn to the bone. The old sinner made believe that she was in great affliction for the death of her daughter-in-law, and that it was all an accident, and the poor young man went raving mad; but the old hag couldn't get rid of that awful rosary: she couldn't give it away; she couldn't sell it; but back it would come every night, and lie right over her heart, all white hot with the fire that burned in it. She gave it to a convent, and she sold it to a merchant, but back it came; then she locked it up in the heaviest chests, and she buried it down in the lowest vaults, but it always came back in the night: she was worn to a skeleton; and at last the old thing died without confession or sacrament, and went where she belonged. She was found lying dead in her bed one morning, and the rosary was gone; but when they came to lay her out, they found the marks of it burned to the bone into her breast. Father Anselmo used to tell us this, to show us a little what hell-fire was like."

"Oh, please, Jocunda, don't let us talk about it any more," implored Agnes.

Old Jocunda, with her tough, vigorous organization and uncereemonious habits of expression, could not conceive the exquisite pain with which this whole conversation had vibrated on the sensitive being at her right hand,—that what merely awoke her hard-corded nerves to a dull vibration of not unpleasant excitement, was shivering and tearing the tenderer chords of poor little Psyche beside her.

Ages before, beneath those very skies that smiled so sweetly over her,—amid the bloom of lemon and citron, and the perfume of jasmine and rose, the gentlest of old Italian souls had dreamed and wondered what might be the unknown future of the dead; and, learning his lesson from the glorious skies and gorgeous shores which witnessed how magnificent a Being had given existence to man; had recorded his hopes of man's future in the words—*Aut beatus, aut nihil*; but, singular to tell, the religion which brought with it all human tenderness and pities,—the hospital for the sick, the refuge for the orphan, the enfranchisement of the slave,—this religion brought also the news of the eternal, hopeless, living torture of the great majority of mankind, past and present. Tender spirits, like those of Dante, carried this awful mystery as a secret and unexplained anguish; saints wrestled with God and wept over it; but still the awful fact remained, spite of Church and sacrament, that the Gospel was in effect to the majority of the human race, not the glad tidings of salvation, but the sentence of unmitigable doom.

The present traveller in Italy sees with disgust the dim and faded frescoes in which this doom is portrayed in all its varied refinements of torture; the vivid Italian mind ran riot in these lurid fields, and every monk who wanted to move his audience was, in his small way, a Dante. The poet and the artist give only the highest form of the ideas of their day, and he who cannot read the *Inferno* with firm nerves may ask what the same representations were likely to have been in the grasp of coarse and common minds.

The first teachers of Christianity in Italy read the Gospels by the light of those fiendish fires which consumed their fellows. Daily made familiar with the scorching, the searing, the racking, the devilish ingenuities of torture, they transferred them to the future hell of the torturers. The sentiment within us which asserts eternal justice and retribution was stimulated to a kind of madness by that first baptism of fire and blood, and expanded the simple and grave warnings of the gospel into a lurid poetry of physical torture. Hence, while Christianity brought multiplied forms of mercy into the world, it failed for many centuries to humanize the savage forms of justice; and rack and wheel, fire and faggot were the modes by which human justice aspired to a faint imitation of what divine justice was supposed to extend through eternity.

But it is remarkable always to observe the power of individual minds

to draw out of the popular religious ideas of their country only those elements which suit themselves, and to drop others from their thought. As a bee can extract pure honey from the blossoms of some plants whose leaves are poisonous, so some souls can nourish themselves only with the holier and more ethereal parts of popular belief.

Agnes had hitherto dwelt only on the cheering and the joyous features of her faith; her mind loved to muse on the legends of saints and angels and the glories of paradise, which, with a secret buoyancy, she hoped to be the lot of every one she saw. The mind of the Mother Theresa was of the same elevated cast, and the terrors on which Jocunda dwelt with such homely force of language seldom made a part of her instructions.

Agnes tried to dismiss these gloomy images from her mind, and, after arranging her garlands, went to decorate the shrine and altar; a cheerful labour of love, in which she delighted.

To the mind of the really spiritual Christian of those ages, the air of this lower world was not a blank, empty space from which all spiritual sympathy and life have fled; but, like the atmosphere with which Raphael has surrounded the Sistine Madonna, it was full of sympathizing faces—a great “cloud of witnesses.” The holy dead were not gone from earth; the Church visible and invisible were in close, loving, and constant sympathy, still loving, praying, and watching together, though with a veil between.

It was at first with no idolatrous intention that the prayers of the holy dead were invoked in acts of worship. Their prayers were asked simply because they were felt to be as really present with their former friends and as truly sympathetic as if no veil of silence had fallen between. In time this simple belief had its intemperate and idolatrous exaggerations; the Italian soil always seeming to have a volcanic forcing power, by which religious ideas overblossomed themselves, and grew wild and ragged with too much enthusiasm; and, as so often happens with friends on earth, these too-much loved and revered invisible friends became eclipsing screens instead of transmitting mediums of God’s light to the soul.

Yet we can see in the hymns of Savonarola, who perfectly represented the attitude of the highest Christian of those times, how fervent might be the love and veneration of departed saints without lapsing into idolatry, and with what an atmosphere of warmth and glory the true belief of the unity of the Church, visible and invisible, could inspire an elevated soul amid the discouragements of an unbelieving and gainsaying world.

Our little Agnes, therefore, when she had spread all her garlands out, seemed really to feel as if the girlish figure in sacred white that smiled from the altar-piece was a dear friend who smiled upon her, and was watching to lead her up the path to heaven.

Pleasantly passed the hours of that day to the girl, and when at evening old Elsie called for her, she wondered that the day had gone so fast.

Old Elsie returned with no inconsiderable triumph from her stand. The cavalier had been several times during the day past her stall, and once, stopping in a careless way to buy fruit, commented on the absence of her young charge. This gave Elsie the highest possible idea of her own sagacity and shrewdness, and of the promptitude with which she had taken her measures, so that she was in as good spirits as people commonly are who think they have performed some stroke of generalship.

As the old woman and young girl emerged from the dark-vaulted passage that led them down through the rocks on which the convent stood to the sea at its base, the light of a most glorious sunset burst upon them, in all those strange and magical mysteries of light which anyone who has walked on the beach of Sorrento at evening will never forget.

Agnes ran along the shore, amusing herself with picking up little morsels of red and black coral, and those fragments of mosaic pavements, blue, red, and green, which the sea is never tired of casting up from the thousands of ancient temples and palaces which have gone to wreck all around these shores.

As she was busy doing this, she suddenly heard the voice of Giuletta behind her.

"So ho, Agnes! where have you been all day?"

"At the convent," replied Agnes, raising herself from her work, and smiling at Giuletta, in her frank, open way.

"Oh, then, you really did take the ring to Saint Agnes?"

"To be sure I did."

"Simple child!" exclaimed Giuletta, laughing; "that wasn't what he meant you to do with it: he meant it for you, only your grandmother was by. You never will have any lovers, if she keeps you so tight."

"I can do without," returned Agnes.

"I could tell you something about this one," Giuletta insinuated.

"You did tell me something yesterday."

"But I could tell you some more. I know he wants to see you again."

"What for?" asked Agnes.

"Simpleton, he's in love with you. You never had a lover; it's time you had."

"I don't want one, Giuletta. I hope I never shall see him again."

"Oh, nonsense, Agnes! What a girl you are! Why, before I was as old as you I had half-a-dozen lovers."

"Agnes," cried the sharp voice of Elsie, coming up from behind, "don't run on ahead of me again; and you, Mistress Baggage, let my child alone."

"Who's touching your child?" asked Giuletta, scornfully. "Can't a body say a civil word to her?"

"I know what you would be after," Elsie retorted,—"*filling her head with talk of all the wild, loose gallants; but she is for no such market, I promise you! Come, Agnes.*"



And old Elsie drew Agnes rapidly along with her, leaving Giulietta rolling her great black eyes after them with an air of infinite contempt.

"The old kite!" she exclaimed; "I declare he *shall* get speech of the little dove, if only to spite her. Let her try her best, and see if we don't get round her before she knows it. Pietro says his master will certainly be wild after her; and I have promised to help him."

Meanwhile, just as old Elsie and Agnes were turning into the orange-orchard which led into the gorge of Sorrento, they met the cavalier of the evening before.

He stopped, and, removing his cap, saluted them with as much deference as if they had been princesses. Old Elsie frowned, Agnes blushed deeply, and both hurried forward. Looking back, the old woman saw that he was walking slowly behind them, evidently watching them closely, yet not in a way sufficiently obtrusive to warrant an open rebuff.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CAVALIER.

Nothing can be more striking, in common Italian life, than the contrast between out-doors and in-doors. Without, all is fragrant and radiant; within, mouldy, dark, and damp. Except in the well-kept palaces of the great, houses in Italy are more like dens than habitations, and a sight of them is a sufficient reason to the mind of any inquirer, why their vivacious and handsome inhabitants spend their life principally in the open air.

Nothing could be more perfectly paradisaical than this evening at Sorrento. The sun had sunk, but left the air full of diffused radiance, which trembled and vibrated over the thousand many-coloured waves of the sea. The moon was riding in a broad zone of purple, low in the horizon, her silver forehead somewhat flushed in the general roseate hue that seemed to penetrate and suffuse every object. The fishermen, who were drawing in their nets, gaily singing, seemed to be floating on a violet-and-gold-coloured flooring that broke into a thousand gems at every dash of the oar or motion of the boat. The old stone statue of Saint Antonio looked down in the rosy air, itself tinged and brightened by the magical colours which floated round it; and the girls and men of Sorrento gathered in gossiping knots on the old Roman bridge that spanned the gorge, looked idly down into its dusky shadows, talking the while, and playing the time-honoured game of flirtation, which has gone on in all climes and languages since man and woman began.

Conspicuous among them all was Giulietta, her blue-black hair recently braided and smoothed to a glossy radiance, and all her costume arranged to show her comely proportions to the best advantage, her great

pearl earrings shaking as she tossed her head, and showing the flush of the emerald in the middle of them. An Italian peasant-woman may trust Providence for her gown, but her earrings she attends to herself: for what is life without them? The great pearl earrings of the Sorrento women are accumulated, pearl by pearl, as the price of years of labour. *Giulietta*, however, had come into the world, so to speak, with a golden spoon in her mouth; since her grandmother, a thriving, stirring, energetic body, had got together a pair of earrings of unmatched size, which had descended as heirlooms to her, leaving her nothing to do but display them, which she did with the freest good-will. At present she was busily occupied in coquetting with a tall and jauntily-dressed fellow, wearing a plumed hat and a red sash, who seemed to be mesmerized by the power of her charms; his large dark eyes following every movement, as she now talked with him gaily and freely, and now pretended errands to this and that and the other person on the bridge, stationing herself here and there that she might have the pleasure of seeing herself followed.

"*Giulietta*," at last said the young man, earnestly, when he found her accidentally standing alone by the parapet, "I must be going to-morrow."

"Well, what is that to me?" retorted *Giulietta*, looking wickedly from under her eyelashes.

"Cruel girl! you know"—

"Nonsense, *Pietro*! I don't know anything about you;" but as *Giulietta* said this, her great, soft, dark eyes looked out furtively, and said just the contrary.

"You will go with me?"

"Did I ever hear anything like it? One can't be civil to a fellow but he asks her to go to the world's end. Pray, how far is it to your dreadful old den?"

"Only two days' journey, *Giulietta*."

"Two days!"

"Yes, my life; and you shall ride."

"Thank you, sir; I wasn't thinking of walking. But seriously, *Pietro*, I am afraid it's no place for an honest girl to be in."

"There are lots of honest women there: all our men have wives; and our captain has put his eye on one, too, or I'm mistaken."

"What! little *Agnes*?" suggested *Giulietta*. "He will be bright who gets her: that old dragon of a grandmother is as tight to her as her skin."

"Our captain is used to helping himself," said *Pietro*. "We might carry them both off some night, and no one the wiser; but he seems to want to win the girl to come to him of her own accord. At any rate, we are to be sent back to the mountains while he lingers a day or two more round here."

"I declare, *Pietro*, I think you all little better than Turks or heathens, to talk in that way about carrying off women; and what if one should

be sick and die among you? What is to become of one's soul, I wonder?"

"Pshaw! don't we have priests? Why, *Giulietta*, we are all very pious, and never think of going out without saying our prayers. The *Madonna* is a kind Mother, and will wink very hard on the sins of such good sons as we are. There isn't a place in all Italy where she is kept better in candles, and in rings and bracelets, and everything a woman could want. We never came home without bringing her something; and then we have lots left to dress all our women like princesses; and they have nothing to do from morning till night but play the lady. Come now?"

At the moment this conversation was going on in the balmy, seductive evening air at the bridge, another was transpiring in the *Albergo della Torre*, one of those dark musty dens of which we have been speaking. In a damp, dirty chamber, whose brick floor seemed to have been unsuspecting of even the existence of brooms for centuries, was sitting the cavalier whom we have so often named in connection with *Agnes*. His easy, high-bred air, his graceful, flexible form and handsome face formed a singular contrast to the bare and mouldy apartment, at whose single unglazed window he was sitting. The sight of this splendid personage gave an impression of strangeness, in the general bareness of the apartment; much as if some marvellous jewel had been unaccountably found lying on that dusty brick floor.

He sat deep in thought, with his elbow resting on a rickety table, his large, piercing, dark eyes seeming intently to study the pavement.

The door opened, and a gray-headed old man entered, who approached him respectfully.

"Well, *Paolo*?" cried the cavalier, suddenly starting.

"My lord, the men are all going back to-night."

"Let them go, then," said the cavalier, with an impatient movement. "I can follow in a day or two."

"Ah, my lord, if I might make so bold, why should you expose your person by staying longer? You may be recognized, and ——"

"No danger," interrupted the other, hastily.

"My lord, you must forgive me, but I promised my dear lady, your mother, on her death-bed ——"

"To be a constant plague to me," broke in the cavalier, with a vexed smile and an impatient movement; "but speak on, *Paolo*; for when you once get anything on your mind, one may as well hear it first as last."

"Well, then, my lord, this girl,—I have made inquiries, and every one reports her most modest and pious,—is the only grandchild of a poor old woman. Is it worthy of a great lord of an ancient house to bring her to shame?"

"Who thinks of bringing her to shame? 'Lord of an ancient house!'" added the cavalier, laughing bitterly,—"*a landless beggar*, cast

out of everything,—titles, estates, all! Am I, then, fallen so low, that my wooing would disgrace a peasant-girl?"

"My lord, you cannot mean to woo a peasant-girl in any other way than one that would disgrace her,—one of the House of Sarelli, that goes back to the days of the old Roman empire!"

"And what of the 'House of Sarelli that goes back to the days of the old Roman empire'? It is lying like weeds' roots uppermost in the burning sun. What is left to me but the mountains and my sword? No, I tell you, Paolo, Agostino Sarelli, cavalier of fortune, is not thinking of bringing disgrace on a pious and modest maiden; unless it would disgrace her to be his wife."

"Now may the saints above help us! Why, my lord, our house, in days past, has been allied to royal blood. I could tell you how Joachim VI.—"

"Come, come, my good Paolo, spare me one of your chapters of genealogy. The fact is, my old boy, the world is all topsy-turvy: the bottom is the top, and it isn't much matter what comes next. Here are shoals of noble families uprooted and lying round, like those aloes that the gardener used to throw over the wall in spring-time; and there is that great boar of a Cæsar Borgia turned in to batten and riot over our pleasant places."

"Oh, my lord!" exclaimed the old serving-man, with a distressful movement, "we have fallen on evil times, to be sure; and they say his Holiness has excommunicated us: Anselmo heard that in Naples yesterday."

"Excommunicated!" echoed the young man,—every feature of his fine face, and every nerve of his graceful form seeming to quiver with the effort to express supreme contempt,—"Excommunicated! I should *hope* so! One would hope, through Our Lady's grace, to act so that Alexander and his adulterous, false-swearing, perjured, murderous crew *would* excommunicate us! In these times, one's only hope of Paradise lies in being excommunicated."

"Oh, my dear master!" implored the old man, falling on his knees, "what is to become of us? That I should live to hear you talk like an infidel and unbeliever!"

"Why, hear you, poor old fool! did you never read in Dante of the popes that are burning in hell? Wasn't Dante a Christian, I beg to know?"

"Oh, my lord, my lord! a religion got out of poetry, books, and romances won't do to die by. We have no business with the affairs of the Head of the Church; it's the Lord's appointment: we have only to shut our eyes and obey. It may do well enough to talk so when you are young and gay; but when sickness and death comes, then we *must* have religion: and if we have gone out of the only true Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, what becomes of our souls? Ah, I misdoubted about your taking so much to poetry, though my poor mistress was so proud of

it; but these poets are all heretics, my lord,—that's my firm belief. But, my lord, if you do go to hell, I'm going there with you: I'm sure I never could show my face among the saints, and you not there."

"Well, come, then, my poor Paolo," said the cavalier, stretching his hand to his serving-man, "don't take it to heart so. Many a better man than I has been excommunicated and cursed from toe to crown, and been never a whit the worse for it. There's Jerome Savonarola there in Florence—a most holy man, they say, who has had revelations straight from heaven—has been excommunicated: but he preaches and gives the sacraments all the same, and nobody minds it."

"Well, it's all a maze to me," protested the old serving-man, shaking his white head: "I can't see into it. I don't dare to open my eyes for fear I should get to be a heretic: it seems to me that everything is getting mixed up together. But one must hold on to one's religion; because, after we have lost everything in this world, it would be too bad to burn in hell for ever at the end of that."

"Why, Paolo, I am a good Christian. I believe, with all my heart, in the Christian religion, like the fellow in Boccaccio, because I think it must be from God, or else the popes and cardinals would have had it out of the world long ago. Nothing but the Lord Himself could have kept it against them."

"There you are, my dear master, with your romances. Well, well, well! I don't know how it'll end. I say my prayers, and try not to inquire into what's too high for me. But now, dear master, will you stay lingering after this girl till some of our enemies hear where you are and pounce down upon us? Besides, the troop are never so well affected when you are away; there are quarrels and divisions."

"Well, well," said the cavalier, with an impatient movement; "one day longer: I must get a chance to speak with her once more. I *must* see her."

---

## Roundabout Papers.—No. XIV.

### SMALL-BEER CHRONICLE.



OT long since, at a certain banquet I had the good fortune to sit by Doctor Polymathesis, who knows everything, and who, about the time when the claret made its appearance, mentioned that old dictum of the grumbling Oxford Don, that "*ALL CLARET would be port if it could!*" Imbibing a bumper of one or the other not ungratefully, I thought to myself, "Here surely, Mr. Roundabout, is a good text for one of your reverence's sermons." Let us apply to the human race, dear brethren, what is here said of the vintages of Portugal and Gascony, and we shall have no difficulty in perceiving how

many clarets aspire to be ports in their way; how most men and women of our acquaintance, how we ourselves, are Acquitainians giving ourselves Lusitanian airs; how we wish to have credit for being stronger, braver, more beautiful, more worthy than we really are.

Nay, the beginning of this hypocrisy—a desire to excel, a desire to be hearty, fruity, generous, strength-imparting—is a virtuous and noble ambition; and it is most difficult for a man in his own case, or his neighbour's, to say at what point this ambition transgresses the boundary of virtue, and becomes vanity, pretence, and self-seeking. You are a poor man, let us say, showing a bold face to adverse fortune, and wearing a confident aspect. Your purse is very narrow, but you owe no man a penny; your means are scanty, but your wife's gown is decent; your old coat well brushed; your children at a good school; you grumble to no one; ask favours of no one; truckle to no neighbours on account of their superior rank, or (a worse, and a meaner, and a more common crime still) envy none for their better fortune. To all outward appearances you are as well to do as your neighbours, who have thrice your income. There may be in this case some little mixture of pretension in your life and behaviour. You certainly *do* put on a smiling face whilst fortune is pinching you. Your wife and girls, so smart and neat at evening parties,



are cutting, patching, and cobbling all day to make both ends of life's haberdashery meet. You give a friend a bottle of wine on occasion, but are content yourself with a glass of whisky and water. You avoid a cab, saying, that of all things you like to walk home after dinner (which you know, my good friend, is a fib). I grant you that in this scheme of life there does enter ever so little hypocrisy; that this claret is loaded, as it were; but your desire to *portify* yourself is amiable, is pardonable, is perhaps honourable; and were there no other hypocrisies than yours in the world, we should be a set of worthy fellows; and sermonizers, moralizers, satirizers, would have to hold their tongues, and go to some other trade to get a living.

But you know you *will* step over that boundary line of virtue and modesty, into the district where humbug and vanity begin, and there the moralizer catches you and makes an example of you. For instance, "in another place" our friend Mr. Talbot Twysden is mentioned—a man whom you and I know to be a wretched ordinaire, but who persists in treating himself as if he was the finest '20 port. In our Britain there are hundreds of men like him; for ever striving to swell beyond their natural size, to strain beyond their natural strength, to step beyond their natural stride. Search, search within your own waistcoats, dear brethren—you know in your hearts, which of your ordinaire qualities you would pass off, and fain consider as first-rate port? And why not you yourself, Mr. Preacher? says the congregation. Dearly beloved, neither in nor out of this pulpit do I profess to be bigger, or cleverer, or wiser, or better than any of you. A short while since, my favourite *Superfine Review* announced that I gave myself great pretensions as a philosopher! I a philosopher! I advance pretensions! My dear, superfine, Saturday friend; and you? Don't you teach everything to everybody? and punish the naughty boys if they don't learn as you bid them? You teach politics to Lord John and Mr. Gladstone. You teach poets how to write; painters, how to paint; gentlemen, manners; and opera-dancers, how to pirouette. I was not a little amused of late by an instance of the modesty of our Saturday friend, who, more Athenian than the Athenians, and apropos of a Greek book by a Greek author, sate down and gravely showed the Greek gentleman how to write his own language. Is the world one great school of little boys, and the *Saturday Review* its great usher? Or is it possible that our teacher himself is somewhat pretentious, and often makes his ordinaire pass for port?

No, I do not, as far as I know, try to be port at all; but offer in these presents a sound genuine ordinaire, at 18s. per doz. let us say, grown on my own hill-side, and offered *de bon cœur* to those who will sit down under my *tonnelle*, and have a half-hour's drink and gossip. It is none of your hot porto, my friend. I know there is much better and stronger liquor elsewhere. Some pronounce it sour; some say it is thin; my respected friend the Bumptious Review says it has wofully lost its flavour. This may or may not be true. There are good and bad years;

years that surprise everybody; years of which the produce is small and bad, or rich and plentiful. But if my tap is not genuine it is naught, and no man should give himself the trouble to drink it. I do not even say that I would be port if I could; knowing that port (by which I would imply much stronger, deeper, richer, and more durable liquor than my vineyard can furnish) is not relished by all palates, or suitable to all heads. We will assume then, dear brother, that you and I are tolerably modest people; and, ourselves being thus out of the question, proceed to show how pretentious our neighbours are, and how very many of them would be port if they could.

Have you never seen a small man from college placed amongst great folk, and giving himself the airs of a man of fashion? He goes back to his common room with fond reminiscences of Ermine Castle or Strawberry Hall. He writes to the dear countess, to say that dear Lord Lollypop is getting on very well at St. Boniface, and that the accident which he met with in a scuffle with an inebriated bargeman only showed his spirit and honour, and will not permanently disfigure his lordship's nose. He gets his clothes from dear Lollypop's London tailor, and wears a mauve or magenta tie when he rides out to see the hounds. A love of fashionable people is a weakness, I do not say of all, but of some tutors. Witness that Eton tutor t'other day, who intimated that in Cornhill we could not understand the perfect purity, delicacy, and refinement of those genteel families who sent their sons to Eton. O usher, *mon ami*! Old Sam Johnson, who, too, had been an usher in his early life, kept a little of that weakness always. Suppose Goldsmith had knocked him up at three in the morning and proposed a boat to Greenwich, as Topham Beauclerc and his friend did, would he have said, "What, my boy, are you for a frolic? I'm with you!" and gone and put on his clothes? Rather he would have pitched poor Goldsmith downstairs. He would have liked to be port if he could. Of course *we* wouldn't. Our opinion of the Portugal grape is known. It grows very high and is very sour, and we don't go for that kind of grape at all.

"I was walking with Mr. Fox"—and sure this anecdote comes very pat after the grapes—"I was walking with Mr. Fox in the Louvre," says Benjamin West (*apud* some paper I have just been reading), "and I remarked how many people turned round to look at *me*. This shows the respect of the French for the fine arts." This is a curious instance of a very small claret indeed, which imagined itself to be port of the strongest body. There are not many instances of a faith so deep, so simple, so satisfactory as this. I have met many who would like to be port; but with few of the Gascon sort, who absolutely believed they *were* port. George III. believed in West's port, and thought Reynolds' overrated stuff. When I saw West's pictures at Philadelphia, I looked at them with astonishment and awe. Hide, blushing glory, hide your head under your old night-cap. O immortality! is this the end of you? Did any of you, my dear brethren, ever try and read Blackmore's Poems, or the Epics of

Baour-Lormian, or the *Henriade*, or—what shall we say?—Pollok's *Course of Time*? They were thought to be more lasting than brass by some people, and where are they now? And *our* masterpieces of literature—*our* ports—that, if not immortal, at any rate are to last their fifty, their hundred years—oh, sirs, don't you think a very small cellar will hold them?

Those poor people in brass, on pedestals, hectoring about Trafalgar-square and that neighbourhood, don't you think many of them—apart even from the ridiculous execution—cut rather a ridiculous figure, and that we are too eager to set up our ordinaire heroism and talent for port? A Duke of Wellington or two I will grant, though even of these idols a moderate supply will be sufficient. Some years ago a famous and witty French critic was in London, with whom I walked the streets. I am ashamed to say that I informed him (being in hopes that he was about to write some papers regarding the manners and customs of this country) that all the statues he saw represented the Duke of Wellington. That on the arch opposite Apsley House? the Duke in a cloak, and cocked hat, on horseback. That behind Apsley House in an airy fig-leaf costume? the Duke again. That in Cockspur Street? the Duke with a pigtail—and so on. I showed him an army of Dukes. There are many bronze heroes who after a few years look already as foolish, awkward, and out of place as a man, say at Shoolbred's or Swan and Edgar's. For example, those three Grenadiers in Pall Mall, who have been up only a few months, don't you pity those unhappy household troops, who have to stand frowning and looking fierce there; and think they would like to step down and go to barracks? That they fought very bravely there is no doubt; but so did the Russians fight very bravely; and the French fight very bravely; and so did Colonel Jones and the 99th, and Colonel Brown and the 100th; and I say again that ordinaire should not give itself port airs, and that an honest ordinaire would blush to be found swaggering so. I am sure if you could consult the Duke of York, who is impaled on his column between the two clubs, and ask his late Royal Highness whether he thought he ought to remain there, he would say no. A brave, worthy man, not a braggart or boaster, to be put upon that heroic perch must be painful to him. Lord George Bentinck, I suppose, being in the midst of the family park in Cavendish-square, may conceive that he has a right to remain in his place. But look at William of Cumberland, with his hat cocked over his eye, prancing behind Lord George on his Roman-nosed charger; he, depend on it, would be for getting off his horse if he had the permission. He did not hesitate about trifles, as we know; but he was a very truth-telling and honourable soldier: and as for heroic rank and statuesque dignity, I would wager a dozen of '20 port against a bottle of pure and sound Bordeaux, at 18s. per dozen (bottles included), that he never would think of claiming any such absurd distinction. They have got a statue of Thomas Moore at Dublin, I hear. Is he on horseback? And that Melville column rising over Edinburgh; come, good men and true,

don't you feel a little awkward and uneasy when you walk under it? Who was this to stand in heroic places? and is yon the man whom Scotchmen most delight to honour? I must own deferentially that there is a tendency in North Britain to over-estimate its heroes. Scotch ale is very good and strong, but it is not stronger than all the other beer in the world, as some Scottish patriots would insist. When there has been a war, and stout old Sandy Sansculotte returns home from India or Crimea, what a bagpiping, shouting, hurrying, and self-glorification takes place round about him! You would fancy, to hear McOrator after dinner, that the Scotch had fought all the battles, killed all the Russians, Indian rebels, or what not. In Cupar-Fife, there's a little inn called the "Battle of Waterloo," and what do you think the sign is?



(I sketch from memory, to be sure.) "The Battle of Waterloo" is one broad Scotchman laying about him with a broadsword. Yes, yes, my dear Mac, you are wise, you are good, you are clever, you are handsome, you are brave, you are rich, &c.; but so is Jones over the border. Scotch salmon is good, but there are other good fish in the sea. I once heard a Scotchman lecture on poetry in London. Of course the pieces he selected were chiefly by Scottish authors, and Walter Scott was his favourite poet. I whispered to my neighbour, who was a Scotchman (by the way, the audience were almost all Scotch, and the room was All-Mac's—I beg your pardon, but I couldn't help it, I really couldn't help it)—"The professor has said the best poet was a Scotchman: I wager that he will say the worst poet was a Scotchman, too." And sure enough that worst poet, when he made his appearance, was a Northern Briton.

And as we are talking of bragging, and I am on my travels, can I forget one mighty republic—one two mighty republics, where people are notoriously fond of passing off their claret for port? I am very glad, for the sake of a kind friend, that there is a great and influential party in the United, and, I trust, in the Confederate States, who believe that Catawba wine is better than the best Champagne. Opposite that famous

old White House at Washington, whereof I shall ever have a grateful memory, they have set up an equestrian statue of General Jackson, by a self-taught American artist of no inconsiderable genius and skill. At an evening party a member of Congress seized me in a corner of the room, and asked me if I did not think this was *the finest equestrian statue in the world?* How was I to deal with this plain question, put to me in a corner? I was bound to reply, and accordingly said that I did *not* think it was the finest statue in the world. "Well, sir," says the member of Congress, "but you must remember that Mr. M—— had never seen a statue when he made this!" I suggested that to see other statues might do Mr. M—— no harm. Nor was any man more willing to own his defects, or more modest regarding his merits, than the sculptor himself, whom I met subsequently. But, oh! what a charming article there was in a Washington paper next day about the impertinence of criticism and offensive tone of arrogance which Englishmen adopted towards men and works of genius in America! "Who was this man, who, &c. &c." I refer you, dear friend, to the passage where the Bumptious Review is treated of, and the very same opinions, uttered *de novo*, will be found to fit equally well. The Washington writer was angry because I would not accept this American claret as the finest port wine in the world. Ah me! It is about blood and not wine that the quarrel now is, and who shall foretell its end?

How much claret that would be port if it could be handed about in every society! In the House of Commons what small-beer orators try to pass for strong! Stay; have I a spite against any one? It is a fact that the wife of the member for Bungay has left off asking me and Mrs. Roundabout to her evening parties. Now is the time to have a slap at him. I will say that he was always overrated, and that now he is lamentably falling off even from what he has been. I will back the member for Stoke Pogis against him; and show that the dashing young member for Islington is a far sounder man than either. Have I any little literary animosities? Of course not. Men of letters never have. Otherwise, how I could serve out a competitor here, make a face over his works, and show that his would-be port is very meagre ordinaire indeed! Nonsense, man! Why so squeamish? Do they spare *you*? Now you have the whip in your hand, won't you lay on? You used to be a pretty whip enough as a young man, and liked it too. Is there no enemy who would be the better for a little thronging? No. I have militated in former times, not without glory; but I grow peaceable as I grow old. And if I have a literary enemy, why, he will probably write a book ere long, and then it will be *his* turn, and my favourite review will be down upon him.

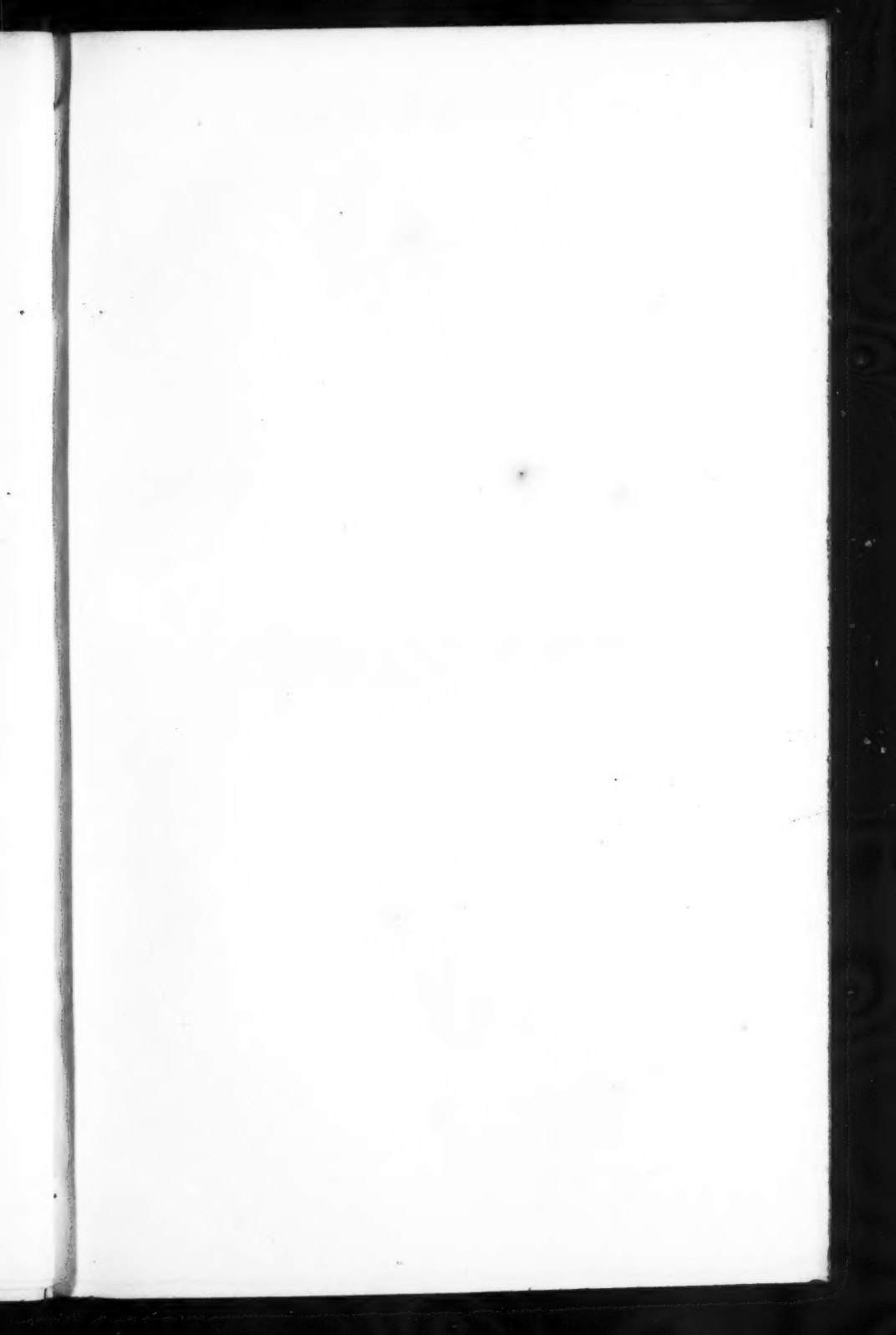
My brethren, these sermons are professedly short; for I have that opinion of my dear congregation, which leads me to think that were I to preach at great length they would yawn, stamp, make noises, and perhaps go straightway out of church; and yet with this text I protest I could go

on for hours. What multitudes of men, what multitudes of women, my dears, pass off their ordinaire for port—their small beer for strong! In literature, in politics, in the army, the navy, the church, at the bar, in the world, what an immense quantity of cheap liquor is made to do service for better sorts! Ask Serjeant Rowland his opinion of Oliver, Q.C.? “Ordinaire, my good fellow, ordinaire, with a port-wine label!” Ask Oliver his opinion of Rowland. Never was a man so overrated by the world and by himself. Ask Tweedledumski his opinion of Tweedledee’s performance. “A quack, my tear sir! an ignoramus, I geef you my vort! He gomboses an opera! He is not fit to make dance a bear!” Ask Paddington and Buckminster, those two “swells” of fashion, what they think of each other? They are notorious ordinaire. You and I remember when they passed for very small wine, and now how high and mighty they have become! What do you say to Tomkins’ sermons? Ordinaire, trying to go down as orthodox port, and very meagre ordinaire too! To Hopkins’ historical works?—to Pumpkins’ poetry? Ordinaire, ordinaire, again—thin, feeble, overrated; and so down the whole list. And when we have done discussing our men friends, have we not all the women? Do these not advance absurd pretensions? Do these never give themselves airs? With feeble brains, don’t they often set up to be *esprits forts*? Don’t they pretend to be women of fashion, and cut their betters? Don’t they try and pass off their ordinary-looking girls as beauties of the first order? Every man in his circle knows women who give themselves airs, and to whom we can apply the port-wine simile.

Come, my friends. Here is enough of ordinaire and port for to-day. My bottle has run out. Will anybody have any more? Let us go upstairs, and get a cup of tea from the ladies.

---







Charlotte's Convoy.

